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Original Poetry.

THE GLORIOUS CHRISTMAS MORNING.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY SKETCHER.

On old Judea's grassy plains
Reclined a shepherd band,
Keeping their trusty watch by night,
Beneath the moonbeams bland.
Unnumbered stars in splendor gemm'd
The arch of Heaven's blue,
And not a lowering cloud was there
To dim its Beauty's hue.

Half dosing oft, they dreamed of those
Who to their hearts were dear,
The memory of whose fond love
'Was wont their watch to cheer,
And fain they'd have the rosy m[illegible]
From out the east to come,
That each, again, might quic[illegible]eek
His peaceful cottage ho[illegible]

They little thought ho[illegible]ously
That coming morn [illegible]ld break,
Or to what sight m[illegible]nificent
Each sleeping [illegible] would wake.
They knew n[illegible] the brightsome sun
That soon would brilliant rise,
Whose ra[illegible] would chase the sun-clouds from
Their [illegible]'s dark troubled skies.

The weary hours roll'd slowly on,
And midnight far was past,
When to their ears from out the skies
There came a trumpet blast,
Each starting sprang upon his feet,
And grasped his shepherds crook;
Then trembling sank upon the earth
With fear-depicted look.

With silv'ry notes the welkin rang
With strange unearthly lays
And seraph voices thrilling rose
In songs of joyful praise.
Rich music—soul-enchanting strains—
Now soft, now swelling clear—
So sweet—receding now afar—
Now gushing full and near.

As though ten thousand magic harps
Were swept by master hands,
As though were joined the voices of
Ten thousand cherub bands.
The song of "Hallelujah" swelled
In witching numbers free;
The theme alone was HE who was,
And is, and is to be!

When raised they up their eyes to Heaven,
And lo! what sight was there!
A being of the upper world,
In spotless beauty rare,
Too dazzling was that airy form,
Round which God's glory shone,
Too bright and fair that beaming face
For man to gaze upon.

They bowed their heads in terror down,
But thus the angel said:
"Judea's children! look ye up!
Oh, be ye not afraid,
For unto ye this day I bring
Good tidings of great joy,
Of one who comes into the world
To save, and not destroy.

"Be glad! be glad! This day is born
A saviour unto man—
A prince whose equal none hath known
Since first the world began!
In David's city ye shall find
This great and mighty king;
A manger for his cradle bed,
A meek and lowly thing!"

And now upon the balmy air
These words came floating by,
"Be glory to all righteous God
The highest of the high!"
A pause then was there in the chaunt,
A touching strain—and then;
"Peace—peace be over all the arth
And good will unto men."

Now from the 'wilder'd shepherds sight
They faded slow away,
Just as the blushing east proclaimed
The breaking dawn of day,
And purple, gold, and crimson clouds
A halo round them cast,
As one by one the portals of
The spreading skies they pass'd.

Philada. Dec. 1842.

THE SHEPHERDS' VISIT.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

"And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into Heaven, the shepherds said one to another, let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is came to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us."—*Mathew II, 15.*

No battlements in Bethlehem flung banners to the breeze—
No hosts in martial panoply were round the PRINCE OF PEACE:
No soldiers stern and steel-encased repulsed those lowly men,—
The humble now may go to Christ, as did the shepherds then.

No linen from Egyptian loom, no cloth of Tyrian dye,
No purple of imperial hue, were that babe's canopy;
The shepherds saw no ragged seams, they marked no naked wall—
For Heaven's effulgent gloriousness had tranced their senses all.

No crowd did there in regal pomp, upon the infant wait,
Nor cornet sound, nor trumpet bray to mark his royal state:
But to the shepherds, round the bed, the angel choir appears,
The heavenly song of "Peace on earth" still echoeth in their ears.

They did not find the Holy Child with gold adorned and gem,
But the manger and the swaddling clothes suggest no doubt to them;
For, with the Light from Heaven that spake this finding did accord.—
That Light shone from the infant's brow, and spake him CHRIST THE LORD.

And straightway forth, rejoicing then, those happy shepherds went,
And glorified the God on High, who hath salvation sent
Thee, to our souls when Light from Heaven proclaims a Saviour born,
Take we the sure and humble path, which foolish worldlings scorn.

Philada. Dec. 1842. EGBERT.

Vernacular Sketch.

KITTY CLARK, OR; The Christmas Gift.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY EZEKIEL JONES, ESQ.

It always seemed a kind of pity to me that the Continental Congress didn't make the Declaration of Independence in the Winter; for a holiday in Summer time always seems to me just as much out of place as roast apples, and cider with a hot andiron in it, in the month of July. You can't seem rightly to enjoy it. Winter is the true time for celebrations, and jollifications, and *sayune-youghs*, as our Fanny's cousin in New York has always pronounced re-unions, since she took two French lessons. In the Spring there's the seed to put in, and in the Summer there's the weeds to pull up, the hay to make, and the early sauce to gather. In the Fall there's the harvest to be garnered; but in the Winter there's only a cord of wood to cut, a fence to mend, corn to shell and take to mill, a road to patch, and a nail to drive here and there at odd jobs. A body seems in the country to have no great to do, but to sit down and enjoy what a kind Providence has sent us, and, while he is taking his own comfort, to remember and relieve the poor, and comfort the distressed. Money and labor laid out that way yields about the best interest I ever found in any investment. [illegible]r found that out, a long time ago, and he's al[illegible]cted up to it—bless his kind old soul!

The Winter Holi[illegible]ways give us a peep at each stray chaps [illegible] and others, who leave the country to seek [illegible] fortunes in the city; and I rather guess wh[illegible]'ve been back to the old home, and tasted th[illegible]-barks, and hickory-nuts and butter-nuts, [illegible]ach-nuts, and filberts, and hazel-nuts, and pi[illegible] and bell-flowers, and golden russetts, and pi[illegible]maine, and Rhode Island greenings, and blue [illegible]der, you do kind of wish that Thanksgiving and Christmas did last all the year—don't you now! [illegible] then the fried chicken for breakfast (father says they used to have a hot sling with allspice in it *before* breakfast, when he was a boy, but mother and Aunt Sally won't hear to *that* now)—and for dinner, go away starvation! Turkey roast—goose roast—pork roast—beef roast, but no boiled victuals—cracker pudding, baked, trembling with plums—pie pumpkin, pie apple, pie mince! Many's the time I've longed, after dinner, to wallow right down on the mat, before the great wood fire, to see if my hide wouldn't give a little, and let me have a chance to breathe after such a gormandizing. Nothing does the old folks so much good as to find all this heap of provisions disappearing before the young generations; and if we don't eat enough to kill ourselves mother is right down angry. Conscience and order! How she does heap our plates!

Then after dinner comes the shooting at a mark—a snap at a tied turkey for fourpence ha'penny our money, which is equal to a fip, Philadelphia currency, or a shilling, York. I've seen an old gobbler fairly laugh at the boys who didn't touch his feathers, but once in a while there'd be sure to be somebody come up, who would reach his feelings. And after the shooting match the romp in the house, with our rosy country girls, strong as horses, and lively as crickets. Blind-man's buff; hunt the slipper, scora! pleased or displeased; come Philander, let us be a marching; twirling the pewter platter; puss, puss, in the corner—and some of them sly pusses too! But what's the use of tantalizing you poor chaps that can't come up here to enjoy these things, this Winter! I did think two days ago, that we shouldn't enjoy them much neither, for there's been a kind of a blight on our happiness this season. But this ain't telling my story.

Our help's name is Kitty Clark. We don't have *servants* in Jonesville; and there never was such a thing as a parlor bell or a chamber bell in the place but once. That was when Squire Smith built him a new house and got married, and thought he would enlighten the natives a little, as to how things ought to be done. He had one of the best girls engaged for help that ever kneaded a pan of bread. Mrs. Smith, she rung the bell one morning. Nobody answered. She rung again, and then thought she would go out in the kitchen and see what had got Deborah, the help. She found her just putting on her things. "Now, Mrs. Smith," says Debby, "if you want somebody to be rung like a pig, you'll have to look further." The bell was taken down and Debby stays in the same place yet; and I rather think, next month she'll be married in Squire Smith's best parlor.

The reason we have "helps" and no "servants" in the country is, that nearly all the girls who live out, get into service pretty much as Kitty Clark got into our family. Kitty and Fanny and I went to school together, and it was more than an even chance once that I should pay attention to her. She is as well born as either of us—as well bred, and as well educated, and if I wanted a flame now, I would as soon look to her as any body in Jonesville. A year ago last Summer, her father, who was richer than mine then, concluded to sell out, and move to the Western country. So Kitty waited here in Jonesville, and Mr. Clark started off, to find his new home. I reckon he cheated the general post office a little, if he is a deacon in Parson Williams's church. "Kitty," says he, "postage is high, and writing letters is troublesome. Newspapers go cheap, but writing on 'em is agin the law. I reckon though, if you were to get a paper from a place you knew that nobody lived in, that you know, you might judge that I was there and well." Kitty reckoned she could, and off her father started.

Pretty soon newspapers began to come to Kitty. The postmaster at our place always took them out of the wrapper, for he knew how night a calculating man Clark was, and was jealous that he was cheating the post office. He looked them through and through, and held them up to the light, and looked under the printed words to see if any were dotted or marked, so as to make the words printed for something else, spell out a letter. But he never caught Deacon Clark tripping, I can tell you.

All the time, in half an hour after Fanny got a paper, the postmaster would keep a hearing "Deacon Clark got to such a place, such a day, and was well," and he couldn't make it out how that was done, for he know no letters came. At last he ups and asked Kitty how she knew. "Does your father write on papers?" says he. "No," says Kitty, "but the postmasters put their stamps and dates on." Old Guttridge, our P. M., saw that Deacon Clark was making the postmasters cheat the revenue themselves, and he up and vowed Kitty shouldn't have the wrappers. She complained to me, I told Squire Smith, and he went over and told Guttridge that he must give the wrappers up. So the thing became town talk, and the way we young fellows plagued the old postmaster almost teased his life out. This lasted about a month—and then the newspapers stopped coming. You may well judge that this made some anxious minds in Jonesville besides poor Kitty, for although we told her any thing and every thing to keep up her spirits, we had to allow, when we talked it over, and she wasn't by, that it was rather a gloomy sign. The poor child began to droop, and in less than a week you could see that she was already looking paler and thinner.

A clergyman in the country has a great many touching and melancholy duties to do; and his missions are so various and once in a while so unexpected, that it isn't strange that the very boys learn to look on his benevolent face as having almost a prophet's meaning, and on his very coat with reverence. Old folks too, will connect a dying bed, or a wedding, or a funeral, with every step the minister takes. Who can wonder?

One afternoon a year ago last September, Kitty called at our house to ask me again, "*what I thought.*" Fanny Arbuckle was along too. Kitty was staying at that time at a house over the road from ours, and a little piece farther up, but not so far that you couldn't see the house from where we live. The girls sat down a minute, without taking off their things, with their backs to the window. I said all I could to poor Kitty, but I couldn't say any thing that I hadn't said before, and I couldn't say any thing to do any good. At last, to kind of keep off Kitty's trouble, I told them we'd take a walk.

Well, I stood up to the glass to fix my neck-handkerchief a little, for I'd been hard to work, and it was awry. My eye happened accidentally to fall on the gate of the yard before the house where Kitty stopped. I saw Parson Williams putting up his hand to the latch so slow and sorrowful as if he was afraid it would pull the fence down to touch it.

"Gracious! Zekiel! what ails you?" said Fanny, "are you trying to twist your neck off?"

I guess I was a little nervous. I saw Mr. Williams go up to the door and a woman come out. He said something, and it seemed to me as if I could hear him speak, as plain as day, and ask if Kitty was at home. Then two or three words more seemed to pass, and the woman sprung back into the house, and the dear, good, kind old minister turned round, and began to walk toward our door. I pretended to be terrible busy with my neck and hair, but I felt all the time, the faintness coming up in my throat. Then I saw the woman just pull her apron over her head, and follow Mr. Williams. Then the children come running out of the house, and shot wildly about, like a parcel of chickens when a hawk has swept down and taken one of the brood. Then a man came to the door, as if he had left the tea-table, and stood and looked up and down the road. Another man passing stopped, and they talked fast and earnest. Then the woman who was on the way to our house said a hurried word to another woman she met, and she turned and came with her. Then they both spake to a man who was passing, and he left them and went right up to another, and they talked—and all of them looked right at our house, with all their eyes. All this passed in less than a minute, though it seemed an hour to me. Just as the girls turned their heads to see what I could be staring at, I heard Parson Williams's measured step in the entry. In another minute the room was full—father and mother, and all the neighbors. Oh but ill news does fly space!

A newspaper had come to town with an account of a terrible steamboat explosion off West, and the name of a Mr. Clark, from the East, was among the passengers, and the owner of it had not been found, alive or dead. Of course the minister was called upon to break the dreadful news to his poor daughter; as from the silence of her father, and the fact that no letter came, and no more papers from him, it was concluded at once that he must be dead.

When Kitty first saw Mr. Williams, she looked like to faint—but in an instant more, she threw her head up erect, and her eyes, distended and glassy, rolled from person to person. Her bonnet had fallen back, and Mr. Williams, who really seemed weaker than Kitty, kind of rested on me with one arm for support, and placed his right hand upon Kitty's head. His shrivelled and freckled thin fingers as they trembled with agitation among her bright auburn hair, seemed to mock the unnatural composure of her blanched features, while her eyes still rolled in vacuity.

"My daughter"—the good old man tremblingly began—but his tears choked him. The evening wind threw a lock of her hair across his hand, and he groaned, shuddered, and drew the hand suddenly back, as if a corpse had startled him by showing signs of life.

"'Taint of no use!" cried Aunt Sally, "she can't hear a word you say." The ever-ready hartshorn was produced, and fortunately a portion of its pungency entered her eyes. Tears came, the minister seated himself by her side without a word, and she clung to his breast and wept. And in silence we all wept too, for many moments. Then he placed her on her knees with gentle force—and knelt beside her. Those outside the house—for quite a congregation had collected—uncovered their heads, and the revered pastor devoutly besought the throne of grace for comfort to the afflicted.

Kitty was down sick for many days. She has not slept a night out of my father's house since that day—and I want to know, Trollope or no Trollope, Dickens, Hall, Fiddler and Hamilton to boot, if we ought to call such a help as she is a servant!

And now I'm coming to my story—for I haven't begun to tell it yet. After that hour Kitty never seemed like the same girl, and though a wan smile has occasionally visited her face, it has been like an accidental peep of sunlight on a winter's day. Last year of a Christmas we couldn't be boisterous, we didn't want to, and we didn't feel like it. This year, father, and mother, and aunt Sally, and Fanny and I have all tried to make her enjoy the prospect of the coming holidays, and the dear good girl tried her best to cheer up so as not to damp all the rest of us. But every kindness that father showed her, and he's full of it, only seemed to remind her of the own father that she has lost, and she would steal away by herself to cry at the remembrance.

Mother succeeded no better with her, and as to Aunt Sally, she's just one of Job's comforters—if there ever was one. "Now Kitty," she says, if the poor girl happens to be silent a moment, "you shouldn't be thinking of your loss all the time, but recollect how much better off you are now, than thousands and thousands." Like as not the poor girl wouldn't be thinking of her father till Aunt Sally brought him up, and all she could do would be to almost run away, while her eyes filled.

Last Thursday evening we were all talking over our holiday presents that are, and that are to be. All were full of life and chat, and all were allotting upon a happy Christmas and New Year's, except Kitty; but even her eye seemed once in a while to light in sympathy with the joy around her. Then again a shade would pass over her face, as if he in whom her tender years had trusted for support, could never be forgotten.

We were all struck up by the entrance of Parson Williams. What could have brought *him* out in the night? The infirm old man hardly ever leaves his house after dark. We looked at his face as hard as we dared, and certainly quite as hard as was civil. This errand was certainly not one of grief.

"Have you read the President's Message?" he said to father, while his lips seemed to be playing with him, in the words they uttered.

"What upon airth," muttered Aunt Sally to herself, over her knitting.

"Well—yes—partly," answered my father, evidently as much astonished as Aunt Sally to hear the parson preach politics; and the minister sat and looked in the fire. He moved his feet—as if he wanted to dance—he lifted his hands suddenly as if to snap his fingers—he jumped up and run to poor Kitty, who sat amazed at his curious actions. He took her hand and stared her in the face—strained her to his bosom—and performed divers other antics to the undisguised amazement of us all. Aunt Sally would have stuck her nose in his mouth to smell his breath if she had dared. "Do you want a Christmas gift?" at length he said to Kitty.

The frightened child thanked and told him "no, sir."

"Yes, you do! you do! you do!" said the old gentleman, now fairly dancing about the room, "and I've brought it to you. I see *him* at the window—and I've brought the CHRISTMAS GIFT. It's a letter from your father, and I was told to break it gently to you."

We thought the good man mad; but her father did, in another moment, clasp his child in his arms. Now, shan't we have a merry Christmas! Aye, and a grateful one too, to the Giver of all Good. "Joy seldom kills," or Kitty would have died.

Mr. Williams had been instructed to tell an innocent fib, that he had a letter, by way of introducing the good news; but the old gentleman was awkward at dissimulation. The restoration of the father as one from the dead, has no miracle in it. He escaped the explosion with others; but finding that the account of his death had certainly gone to his daughter in the newspapers, he feared to surprise her with the contradiction, until he could entrust her preparation for so glad a surprise to good hands. But Parson Williams has gained more credit for kindness of heart than for discretion in his share of this business.

Jonesville, Dec. 17, 1842.

Brevities.

PRETTY SENTIMENT.—"The memories of childhood, the long far away days of boyhood, the mother's love and prayer, the voice of a departed play-fellow, the ancient church and school-house, all with their green and hallowed association, come upon the heart in the dark hour of sin and sorrow, as well as in the joyous time, like the passage of a pleasantly remembered dream, and casts a ray of their own hallowed purity and sweetness over them."

LIFE AND REPUTATION.—The two most precious things on this side of the grave are reputation and life; but it is to be lamented that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of the one, and the weakest weapon may take from us the other.

GOOD AIM.—Aim at perfection in everything. They who aim at it, and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.

From the Magazines

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

In the market-place of Bruges stands the Belfry old and brown
Thrice consumed and thrice re-builded, still it watches o'er the town;
As the summer morn was breaking on that lofty tower I stood,
And the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds of widowhood.
Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams and vapors gray
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the landscape lay.
At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys here and there
Wreaths of snow-white smoke ascending, vanished ghost-like into air.
Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,
But I heard a heart of iron beating in that ancient tower.
From their nests beneath its rafters sang the swallows wild and high,
And the world beneath me sleeping seemed more distant than the sky.
Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times
With their strange, unearthly changes, rang the melancholy chimes.
Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing in the choir,
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting of a friar.
Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brain!
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth again!
All the Foresters of Flanders, mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer,
Lyderick du Bucq, and Cressy, Philip, Guy de Dampierre!
I beheld the pageants splendid, that adorned those days of old,
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore the Fleece of Gold,
Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies,
Ministers from twenty nations—more than royal pomp and ease.
I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the ground;
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and hound;
And her lighted bridal chamber, where a duke slept with the queen,
And the armed guard around them, and a sword unsheathed between.
I beheld the Flemish weavers, with the brave Count of Nemours,
Marching home to Ghent and Bruges, from the Battle of the Spurs;
Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods moving west,
Saw great Artevelde, victorious, scale the Golden Dragon's nest.*
And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror smote,
And again the wild alarum sounded from the tocsin's throat,
Till the bell of Ghent responded, o'er lagoon and dike of sand,
"I am Roland! I am Roland! there is victory in the land!"†
Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awakened city's roar
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into their graves once more.
Hours had passed away like minutes; and before I was aware,
Lo, the shadow of the Belfry crossed the sun-illumined square.

* The Golden Dragon, taken from the Church of St Sophia in Constantinople in one of the Crusades, and placed on the Belfry of Bruges, was afterward transported to Ghent by Philip Van Artevelde, and still adorns the Belfry of that city.

† The inscription on the alarm bell at Ghent is "*Mynen naem is Roland; als ik klep is er brant; en als ik luy is er victorie in het landt.*"

THE COQUETTE; Or the Game of Life.

BY MRS. FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

CHAPTER I.

The brilliantly lighted saloon in which Mr. Clifford's company were assembled was suddenly darkened. At the same moment the curtain rose, and displayed to expectant eyes the first "tableau vivant." It was strikingly beautiful. A dark, fierce-looking slave-dealer stood behind a Persian girl, from whose graceful form and face he had just withdrawn the veil, thereby revealing to the gaze of a voluptuous looking Turk, seated on a pile of cushions, so rare a galaxy of charms, that not only his eyes, but those of all the spectators, were riveted upon her. The shrinking timidity of her attitude, as she stood with her drooping hands locked languidly and meekly before her, was exquisitely graceful—her downcast eyes were "darkly, deeply blue," and auburn waves of gemmed and braided hair" fell glistening over her rounded form, in its becoming vest of scarlet cashmere, and reached nearly to the feet, which peeped out beneath the full white satin pantaloons, in slippers gorgeous with jewels and embroidery.

For a moment the lovely vision glittered, and was gone—and seen no more until the closing tableau, which represented Retzch's thrilling picture, called "The Game of Life." A youth with Satan playing at chess—his stake, a soul! The guardian spirit of the latter is seen at his side, with half averted face, gazing in mingled sorrow and compassion on the game, which he has almost lost. And in that white-robed angel, the beautiful form and features of the Persian girl again appeared, so touchingly lovely, so pure and spiritual, that the gazers held their breath in rapture.

"Tell me—tell me her name!" exclaimed a young artist, as the curtain fell.

"It is Lilian Clifford, the daughter of our hostess" was the answer.

"But where is Fanny?" said another.

"Oh! she is nursing her little brother, I suppose. He is an invalid, you know, and she is devoted to him. But we shall see her by and by, for her mother insists upon her appearing at the ball, though she could not persuade her to take part in the tableaux. But hark! I hear the band—let us join the dancers."

A fancy ball followed the tableaux, and as the artist stood near the door, watching for the entrance of the angel, a young and blooming girl, in the ancient dress of a French marquise, glided by him, and with a low and playful courtesy to Mr. Clifford, took her station by her side, whence she was immediately led to the dance by the Lucifer of the tableau. Could it be Lilian! The transformation was so complete, that he could hardly believe his eyes. The beautiful hair powdered—drawn back from the brow, and raised to an enormous height—tiny black patches here and there setting off her exquisite complexion—the dark stiff brocade looped up over white satin—the monstrous fan—the dainty French lisped out at intervals of the quadrille—the stately, graceful minuet motions—all, all was perfect!

"What a study!" murmured the fascinated artist, who, by the way, looked very picturesque himself, as he stood leaning against a pillar, in a Spanish costume, worthy of Murillo.

"My guardian angel!" whispered the youth who had been Lucifer's antagonist in the tableau, and who now appeared in the garb of a sailor, "will you not dance the next quadrille with me? I need your protection more than ever, amid the temptations of such a scene as this."

"Je toujours veille sur toi!" replied the lady, with an eloquent smile, and a bow of assent. Lucifer scowled malignantly, and muttered in the sailor's ear—

"Julian Delancy, you will lose the game!"

The young man's eyes flashed fire as he answered, "You are a skilful player, Burton, but I, for one, defy your arts!"

A slight sneer was the reply, but Delancy passed on without deigning farther notice of his rival. At the same time, a modest looking, dark-eyed girl, in the simple dress of a quaker, approached and whispered—

"Lilly, dear, I wish you could come to the nursery for a moment, after this dance; Willie wants to see your dress."

"Nonsense, Fanny, I can't leave till the ball is over. Willie must wait—!"

"But he will be asleep then, Lilly!"

"Well, well, I can't help it if he is!" and with a bewitching smile, and the grace of a Hebe, she turned her partner in the dance.

Fanny sighed, and the artist sighed too, and soon after begged an introduction, not to the coquettish marquise, but to the timid quaker girl.

"Who is that noble-looking being with my sister?" suddenly exclaimed Lilian Clifford to a friend, struck for the first time, by his manly form, and dark, but beautifully chiselled face, lighted up by a pair of brilliant Byron eyes, and a mouth full of expression.

"That! Why, Frank Russell, the artist, to be sure. Don't you know—he has just returned from Italy. What do you think of him?"

"Think of him! He looks like a *man*—and that is more than you can say of any one else in the room. Look at that attitude! and then his voice!—hark! did you ever listen to such tones—so rich—so deep! I should like to hear him read poetry—and his manner, too—there is a calm and gentle dignity about it, which makes one involuntarily look up to him as to a superior being. I must go and speak to Fanny." And tripping up to her sister, she tapped her cheek with her fan, exclaiming, "A penny for your thought, Fanny. How abstracted you look!"

"A thousand guineas for the thought, Miss Clifford," said Russell, in a low tone, and with an earnest gallantry, which well became his chivalrous beauty and bearing.

"Tell him you will give your thought for his," whispered Lilian, playfully, "for he too was in a reverie."

"Nay, I would give an age's thought of mine, for one moment's of yours, and rejoice in the exchange," murmured Russell, with a smile, still bending his dark eyes upon Fanny's drooping lids.

"Come, Fanny, you shall tell it now," continued her sister.

"I cannot—don't ask me, Lilian," faltered Fanny, while a deep blush stole in her pure, pale cheek.

"Well, at least have the sense to introduce me to your new beau—can't you?" whispered Lilian, pettishly.

The introduction took place, and the graceful coquette tried all her sportive and beguiling wiles, without any apparent effect upon the heart of the handsome stranger.

While thus engaged, Delancy claimed her hand for the dance.

"Oh! Julian—you will excuse me, I know, and dance with Fanny this time, for dear little Willie has sent for me. I will be back soon. Mr. Russell, may I trouble you for your arm through this crowd?"

"That's right, dear Lily, I am so glad," cried Fanny, her sweet face beaming with joy, at her sister's supposed kindness to the little invalid.

"You are Willie's guardian angel, too, then, Lilian," said Delancy, with a look of admiring affection.

The artist sighed again—but gave his arm to the lady, and accompanied her to the foot of the stairs. On their way she contrived to tell a dozen different people where she was going.

"Wait for me here a few moments, Mr. Russell—I shall hate to enter the room alone," and she glided up the stairs, and vanished from his gaze, like a dream of light.

The artist leant against the balusters, and lost himself in thought—how long he knew not; but he was awakened by a low melodious laugh at his side, and starting, he found the soft hand of Lilian Clifford on his arm, and her lovely eyes raised smilingly to his.

"Is it your pleasure, noble don, that we re-enter the saloon! I have had my arm in yours for some three minutes, patiently awaiting your movements."

Russell colored, as he asked forgiveness, and unable to resist the witchery of her every word and look, abandoned himself to her influence during the rest of the evening.

CHAPTER II.

Luxurious as a lady's boudoir, was the studio in which Frank Russell was seated, three weeks after the ball at Mrs. Clifford's. Lounges, ottomans, damask drapery, mirrors, paintings, statues and books, were all arranged with a graceful and careless elegance, which told of the artist throughout—while he himself, in his rich crimson tunic, his dark hair waving beneath an embroidered velvet cap, completed the beauty of the picture.

Before him, on his easel, was the half length of a girl in a Spanish costume. She was looking over her shoulder, with an arch smile—the tip of a superb fan, which she held, was pressed to her dimpled chin, and a black lace mantilla, thrown back on her head, fell over her snowy shoulder to her waist; while clusters of soft dark hair mingled their golden glow with its shade, and softened the brilliant beauty of a face radiant with youth, love, and happiness.

"My own, my precious Lilian," murmured the artist, as he gazed at his own exquisite creation, "I am sure she loves me—just so she looked last night, when I begged her to grant me an interview this evening. She guessed my purpose, and her whole soul was in her eyes, as she looked her reply. But I must touch that arm once more—it is hardly round enough yet."

He passed behind a marble pedestal, on which was a statue of Love, to a table, where lay his palette and brushes. Ere he reappeared, a party of ladies and gentlemen entered the room.

"Lilian Clifford, it is you to perfection!" exclaimed one of the former.

"Is it a likeness of the laughing elf!"

"A likeness! No! by heaven—'tis she herself!" exclaimed a gentleman of the party, and then the cold, sneering voice of Burton, the tableau Lucifer, was heard—

"But where is your artist lover, Miss Clifford! We thought to find him at his devotions, before your portrait. Report declares the sittings to be *not* 'like angel visits,' but most unreasonably prolonged."

Frank waited to hear her indignant reply to this impertinence. How was he confounded by what followed.

"Nay, Burton, report can hardly accuse me of so preposterous a purpose, as that of encouraging a nameless artist."

"It accuses you of encouraging a nameless poet, as well."

"You refer to Julian Delancy. Be assured, sir, that they themselves know me better."

The statue fell with a crash at her feet, and the artist confronted her with folded arms, and flashing eyes.

"Thank God, madam, I *do* know you, ere it is too late!" and bowing haughtily, he left the room.

Lilian turned pale, but forced a laugh, and began to criticise the pictures.

Fanny Clifford sat alone that evening by the fireside, when Mr. Russell was announced.

"I have come to thank you for your kindness during my sojourn here, my dear Miss Clifford, and to bid you 'good bye.'"

Fanny started, but by a brave effort restrained her emotion, and said, in a low tone—

"Are you to be long absent?"

"Only a year or two!"

Only a year or two! Fortunately for Fanny, at that moment the door opened, and Lilian, attired for a ball, and radiant in beauty, entered. She colored, when she saw her lover—her eyes filled with tears, and springing forward, she caught his hands.

"Frank! dear Frank! forgive me!"

"Lilian Clifford, you little know the heart your lightness has lost you. Farewell!"

"As you please, sir!"

With a light laugh, she drew up her graceful figure, and walking with the step of a queen, a fairy queen, to the glass, adjusted a gem in her hair, as calmly as if nothing had happened to ruffle or to grieve her.

He turned again to her sister. He took her hand—it trembled violently in his—he gazed on her blushing and downcast face, and wondered that he had never seen its beauty before. Pure, soft and spiritual, with an exquisite delicacy and transparency of complexion, and an expression ever varying with her varying emotions, Fanny's face was not one to strike the beholder at first sight, but it grew upon his heart, and once seen in all its beauty, lighted up by the full warmth of her lofty and generous soul, it left an impression which was never afterwards effaced. Fanny *lived* in the truest sense of the word. Her heart was in all she did, and said, and looked, and a great heart it was—but alas! how little appreciated by those around her.

Well! Frank departed, and Lilian, as he closed the door, threw herself into her sister's arms, and poured out her sorrow and repentance. And Fanny soothed her with her loving voice, and half forgot her own deeper grief, in pity for her sister's.

CHAPTER III.

Three years passed, and again was the artist, no longer a nameless one, seated in his studio, in Bond street, New York; and again stood Fanny and Lilian Clifford by his side. They were in mourning for the little brother, mentioned in the commencement of my story, and Fanny was paler and sadder than of yore; but Lilian was gay, and brilliant, and beautiful as ever.

"Mr. Russell," she said, with her sweet, persuasive smile, "I *will* have a look at this picture turned to the wall."

Russell colored, as he sprang forward to prevent her. It was too late—she had turned it and revealed a striking likeness of her sister, in the quaker dress which she had worn at the fancy ball!

For one instant, Fanny's eyes met the thrilling gaze of Frank's. The next, the lashes fell, but they were wet with tears, as she turned away, touched to the soul by this proof of his remembrance. And Lilian, after gazing at both, with a proud curl of her beautiful lip, exclaimed—

"Oh! I see it all now—excuse me, good people—I would be the last to interrupt so interesting a *tête-a-tête.* Good morning."

And ere Fanny could move to detain her, she was gone. They were alone, and Russell turned to the trembling and bewildered girl at his side with a look of mingled reverence and affection.

"Fanny, you see there a proof that I have treasured your image in my heart—would to heaven I might wear the original there. Speak, dearest, will you—can you be mine?"

Fanny's eye and cheek grew luminous, with the rapture of that moment. But the light, the glow died away, as suddenly as it came. She thought of Lilian, and though she blamed her coquetry and folly, she pitied her disappointment. With one glorious effort she repressed her tears—the sighs, that struggled for liberty, and replied in a low, but clear voice,

"Mr. Russell, I can never be your wife!"

Struck by her calm, decided tone, he stood for a moment gazing at her in despair; but that gaze called to her cheek a blush so speaking, that hope revived, and with all the glowing eloquence of which he was master, he besought her to retract her resolution. Overcome by his passionate entreaties, Fanny could only falter, half unconsciously, in reply—

"But Lilian—"

"Lilian has wronged me—but that light dream is over. Do not, oh! do not disappoint me in one far dearer and holier love."

Poor Fanny! it was a moment of strange trial, but her heart was strong. She raised her clear, sad eyes to his, and again replied—

"Russell, I can never be your wife!"

He dropped her hand. With a slow but unfaltering step she passed from the room—reached home—locked herself into her chamber, and for once giving way to the full tide of her emotions, wept for hours unceasingly. Her tears relieved her, and after a fervent prayer to heaven for strength, she was able to resume her occupations, with a subdued and self approving heart.

"Mr. Russell, you have grown very stupid of late, do read me something," said Lilian, one evening, as they sat with a few friends in the library.

"And what?" said Frank.

"Oh! there is a new, fresh, uncut volume of poems by Tennyson on the table. Isn't that delightful!"

"But I shall want a paper knife."

"That you shall have, and keep it, too, as a reward for your trouble,—and oh! congratulate me! I have just had an idea!—while you are cutting the leaves, I will scribble it down. Lend me your pencil, Frank!" And ere he had divided half a dozen leaves, she had traced in fairy characters the following lines:

Ah! had I power, I'd charm my gift
To be a magic treasure;
For it should never part a page
That should not give you pleasure!

Rolling the paper in as small a compass as possible, she screwed it into the top of the pencil-case and returned it to him with a grace so bewitching, that his old dream began to disturb him again. He hurriedly turned over the leaves of the book and smiled half in bitterness, as a few lines caught his glance and *told* upon his heart.

Fixing his eyes earnestly upon Lilian's face, he said in a deep meaning tone, "I have found a poem which I think you will appreciate. Shall I read it?"

The poem was that strangely moving one called "Clara Vere de Vere," and his low, rich, manly, but melancholy voice thrilled to her very soul as he proceeded.

The second verse commences as follows:

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
I know you proud to bear your name:
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
Too proud to care from whence I came.

These lines, and those which follow, called the fire into Lilian's eyes and cheeks; but she tossed back her graceful head with a proud and careless smile.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Some meeker pupil you must find;
For were you queen of all that is,
I could not stoop to such a mind.

But when he came to the words—

Not thrice your branching limes have flown
Since I beheld young Lawrence dead.

Oh! your sweet eyes, your low replies,
A great enchantress you may be;
But there was that across his throat
Which you had hardly cared to see.

Poor Lilian struggled for a moment as if suffocating, and then fell at his feet insensible.

Fanny sprung forward to raise her, exclaiming, "Oh, Frank! why did you read that verse! You surely could not have heard—"

"What—what—Fanny!" he cried, as he hung over the lovely, lifeless form of her whom he now felt to be dearer to him than ever.

Too soon, he heard the truth! Too soon! *Too late* for his revived affection. Julian Delancy, who, as the reader already knows, was passionately devoted to Lilian, had been, during Frank's last visit in Italy, alternately petted and scorned as the attentions of his rich rival Burton had varied from cold to warm; until at length the growing empressement of the latter's manner had decided her to dismiss, at once and forever, the unfortunate and interesting victim of her coquetry. This very day his lifeless body was borne home to a widowed mother,

"And there was that across his throat
Which Lilian had not cared to see!"

The same paper which announced this tragic event, also announced the elopement of the Lucifer of my tale, with the wife of his most intimate friend. Lilian recovered from her fainting fit to find her artist lover bending over her with a gaze in which his whole soul spoke to hers; but the instant he met her eye he turned away, determined never again to betray his feelings to her scorn. Still he visited the house from time to time, and was often allured to the very verge of a declaration by her bewildering beauty and the childlike, pleading, playful sweetness of her manner.

One day he took up a book, in a blank page of which she had been scribbling some lines. When she saw him turn to them, she sprung up with a bright blush, and sportively placed her little hand over the words. Unable to resist the temptation, he pressed his lips to it involuntarily.

She immediately withdrew it, but leaned over his shoulder as he read—

My bark is on a dangerous sea,
A wintry sky above it,
And no one minds the helm for me,
And no one seems to love it.
Oh! would that in a kinder world,
Ere storms its frail mast shiver,
Oh! would to God its sails were furl'd
Forever and forever!

Touched by the sad sentiment, he looked up in her face. Her eyes, filled with tears, were bent upon him, and her hand trembled as he took it. "Are the verses yours, Lilian!"

"Oh, Frank! I should not have let you read them!"

He was thrown off his his guard.

They *are* yours, then? And I—may not *I* "mind the helm!" Dear Lilian! say that I may.

She hid her eyes upon his shoulder. Her soft hair touched his face. He laid his cheek to hers—their destiny was sealed. The next moment she raised that beautiful face, bathed in blushes and smiles, and clasping her hands with a sweet, low ringing laugh, exclaimed in the words of one of our finest poets—

"Now, helmsman, for a hundred lives,
Oh! steer the bark aright!"

He caught her to his heart.

Ah, Frank! you little know what a frail, light thing you have undertaken to guide. Be happy while you may.

CHAPTER IV.

A twelvemonth after the wedding—a charming cottage in Brookline—Lilian, Frank and Fanny in the former's boudoir. A beautiful infant lying on the rich cushions of the couch. There is a light cloud on the noble brow of the artist;—he has been looking over a milliner's bill! His young wife looks listless and weary.

"Will you lend me your pencil, Frank!" said Fanny. He handed it to her; there was no lead in it. She unscrewed the top—and out fell the little roll of paper, placed there long ago by Lilian.

"May I read it, Frank?"

"Certainly, dear."

She read it—started—changed color; but without farther sign of emotion, quietly returned it to the pencil-case. Lilian looked imploringly at her, and Fanny rose to leave the room. Frank saw it all. "Stay, Fanny; did *you* compose those lines?" Fanny was silent—she trembled like a leaf. Russell continued, "I saw in your scrap-book, the other day, signed by your name, a copy of some verses which Lilian gave me on the day of our engagement. Here they are. Are they yours or hers?"

Fanny shrunk back; but he insisted, and she took the paper—read the first line—

"My bark is on a dangerous sea."

and burst into tears. He stood before her pale, but resolute.

"Speak, Fanny, I implore you, are they yours?"

She hesitated; but she could not lie. She looked at Lilian and flew to her side.

"Oh, Frank! she is fainting; come to her quick!"

"Let her come to *herself*; she has deceived me. Let her forgive herself, if she can!"

The sternness of his tone aroused her.

She rose, and tottering toward him, threw herself in tears at his feet. "Oh, Frank! do not look at me so! They *are* Fanny's lines; but it was to win your love that I deceived you! Will you see your Lilian suffer and not forgive her?" Who could resist those eyes—those sweet, imploring tones—that almost angel loveliness. Frank could not. She was forgiven, and the game of life went on.

CHAPTER V.

"Lilian, is not that the ring Burton was showing you the other day? I am astonished you should have kept it so long. It was imprudent, dear, very."

"I shall see him to-morrow, and will return it then, dear Frank. There, now, smile again—do, there's a darling."

The next evening the ring had disappeared, and Frank smiled approvingly as he took her hand in his. "I could not bear to touch this dear little hand yesterday, Lilian, but I love it now."

"Oh! because Burton's ring is gone. He was glad to have it back, for he thought it lost."

Six weeks afterward, Frank found the ring in a box, where she had requested him to look for a missing bracelet. Inside the ring was an inscription—"My heart goes with it, Lilian." It was a *gift*, then! not a loan as she had declared! His heart grew chill with the thought. He looked at her and murmured, "So lovely, yet so light and false!" She was half dressed for a ball, and oh! how exquisitely beautiful she looked! She was braiding her rich brown hair, and those light, snowy, jeweled fingers glanced down the luxuriant tresses with the speed and light of a snow-flake gleaming in the sun. She turned toward him; the truth flashed upon her. She remembered the ring, and pale with fear, she staggered to his side. He looked up, without a word, placed the ring in her hand and left the room. The ring was returned to the giver; but not to Lilian returned the love and confidence of her husband.

She had never been strong, and from that day she failed. Frank watched over her with Fanny tenderly and truly; but she felt her trust was gone. In a few months he followed her to her untimely grave. For years he wandered mourning and alone. At length, he renewed to Fanny the offer of his hand and heart. Firm, but sad was her reply.

"Dear Frank, I can never be your wife; but I will be a mother to your precious child." "Take her, then, and teach her to love me, as none have ever loved me yet." And Fanny hushed the beating heart that still worshipped the very shadow of that noble form, and devoted her life, with all a mother's tenderness, to the child of her lost and lamented Lilian.

FROM THE BOSTON MISCELLANY, FOR JANUARY.

WE ARE SPIRITS.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

We are spirits—wildered spirits,
Errant from our native sphere;
Busy now, but with to-morrow,
Who of us will still be here?
We're amid this dust and vapor,
Chasing shadowy shapes about,
Each by life's uncertain taper,
Which a moment's wing puts out.

We are spirits—burdened spirits,
Masked, and wearing cloaks of clay;
Grieved and care worn; wrung and stricken;
Robbed and wounded where we stray.
Yet, on earth, the common mother
Of the forms that veil us here,
Do we feign to one another,
Use the smile to hide the tear.

We are spirits—restless spirits,
Eager still for something more,
Something we shall ne'er determine
Till our mortal search is o'er,
Grasping, losing, self-deluding,
What we clasp we cannot stay—
That o'er which our hearts are brooding,
Is but fledged to fly away!

We are spirits—light-winged spirits,
While our pinions never-furled
Bear us on, we know not whither,
Till we've left a passing world.
With an heirship to recover
In the country of our birth,
Fondly do we hang and hover
O'er our little heaps of earth.

We are spirits—fearful spirits,
Having powers we do not know,
Which, with use of talents lent us,
Light eternal is to show.
Time is ever onward hasting;
Endless life, or endless death,
While the moments fast are wasting,
Hangs upon a transient breath.

We are spirits, born of Spirit,
God our Father, heaven the home
He would have us seek, as children,
Never, never more to roam.
Yet like one with baubles playing
On the way at fall of night,
We may perish by delaying,
With our Father's house in sight.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

FROM THE BOSTON MISCELLANY FOR JANUARY.

THE TWO PORTRAITS.

BY JOHN NEAL.

Would that people had their eyes about them, as they wander through the world. They have eyes but they see not; ears, but they hear not—and memories, bless you! good for nothing but to make themselves or others unhappy.

Just open your eyes for a moment, my young friend, or prick up your ears, or call to mind some one of the numberless pleasant or strange things that have happened to you in the course of your short life, teaching you sweet wisdom, or filling you with hope; and make yourself what belike you were intended to be from the first, neither a mope nor a dullard, but a very pleasant fellow. Wake up!—listen to the conversation about you—and contribute your appointed share. After a dance on the green sward, or the dazzling sea-beach—when a hat is passed round for the fiddler, would you refuse to *shell out?* Would you stand upon your dignity, or what you may call your reserved rights, and withhold your four pence halfpenny, out of regard to your position? What would the warm-lipped girls about you, with whom you have been romping, at other people's expense, for the last half hour; and what would their broad-cheeked sweethearts, think of your behavior? Well then, if you would not be guilty of such deplorable meanness, on such an occasion, with what face can you withhold your share from the conversation about you! We are all travellers—travelling for business or pleasure; pilgrims and sojourners all. If we look to be entertained—we must pay for entertainment; or, in other words—we must not be satisfied with listening—we must bear our part in the course of conversation, whether we find ourselves aboard a steamboat, a rail-car, a stage coach, or a magazine. Wake up, therefore! I beseech you! and tell us what you know that we do not; what you have seen or heard, that may be new to others, if not to yourself, and worth remembering. Depend upon it—however stupid and prosy; however careless, unobserving, or forgetful you may be, there is something which you know better, and ought to be able to tell better than any other living man. Let us have it. Magazines are storehouses. Their assortment should be large and complete—or, in the language of the first of articles, "too numerous to mention," and therefore—but stop—that I may encourage you, and others who resemble you—not me—in their shyness and self-distrust—or their laziness and selfishness, I'll even try to tell a story myself—a story, not founded on fact, merely, and embellished out of all shape and resemblance; but a story which is altogether true; true in every particular, and yet so strange, that if a three act play were made up from it, and produced upon the stage, it would be regarded as one of the most whimsical and extravagant extravaganzas ever heard of.

You know Sully—Tom Sully, of Philadelphia—the best painter of women, who are lovely, or who wish to be thought lovely—upon the face of the earth. Not so well for men—though good enough there to satisfy any reasonable judge. Well—one day Sully was at work in his room—*studio*, I suppose I ought to call it—making faces by himself; painting the richest of crimson lips, and the glossiest of earthly hair, and lighting up eyes with a sort of inward spirit—a luminous tenderness, which, while they retained their likeness to the original, made you catch your breath in looking at them, just as if you had accidentally overheard a beautiful woman whispering to herself; and lifting your eyes, had caught her in the fact—what fact!—in the fact of listening to a love speech for the first time in all her life; or in the fact of answering some body in that forbidden language of the lip, which all the world over makes woman so dangerous. Well, just as he had been putting in a pair of eyes, brimful of modest yearning, and half-subdued tenderness, and had stepped back from the easel to study their effect—within range—there was a rap at the door—followed by a whisper in a strange distant voice, "Mr. Sully!—Mr. Sully!—a word with you, if you please. I know you are engaged, and I know it is not the hour—but I *must* see you—hush!—whist!—sh!"

What could the poor man do! Upon his door he had wafered a half sheet of paper, with a formal notice, "*Engaged till five,*" but what of that! Here was somebody that *must* see him—a lady perhaps—oh hush!

So stepping softly to the door, he opened it, and found, not a lady, to be sure, but a lady's man—a husband, that is—a most respectable good-looking sort of a fellow, with a countenance brimful of mystery and fun. You'd swear there was something brewing, just to see how he looked about him, before he slipped through the half-open door. "Hist—hist hush! my dear sir; I've been trying to see you for nearly a month," said the visitor, dropping into the chair, and speaking as if still afraid of being overheard. "Do you know, Mr. Sully, that I have made up my mind to have my portrait painted—and—and" looking archly at Sully, who stood with his pallet upon his thumb, and his maul-stick trembling rather nervously as he tried to fix the end of it upon the toe of his slipper,—"and what is more," continued the stranger, "I mean to have it done without the knowledge of my wife; you understand—hey!—you rogue you," touching the painter on the elbow. "In a word, sir—can you manage it? Can you have it done by the twenty-fifth? and will you undertake to bring it up on the afternoon or evening before, if I will get my wife out of the way? What say you, my boy?"

"I think I might," said Mr. Sully, "but why in such a hurry! why on the twenty-fifth?"

"Why on the twenty-fifth! Why, bless your soul, my dear sir—that's the anniversary of our marriage, and that wife o' mine has been trying to persuade me to sit, for nobody knows how long. What a surprise, hey! And you will undertake to manage it, hey! And to keep all snug, hey—you will, won't you, now—there's a good fellow."

Sully finding there was time enough, consented, and took a sitting that very day; and the next, and the next—letting the gentleman in at hours when nobody else thought of trespassing upon him. The secret had been well kept thus far, and the third sitting was just over, and Sully was enjoying the idea of the joke by himself, and trying to imagine the delighted surprise of the wife, who had been so long teasing her husband to no purpose for a portrait by Sully, when—tap—tap—tap—somebody was heard at the door. Thinking the sitter had forgotten something, and anxious to prevent his being seen, Sully ran to the door—opened it—and found, not the man he expected, but the man's wife—the woman herself! Supposing she had got a hint of what was going forward, the painter was beginning to cast about in his mind for some excuse to get rid of her, long enough, at least, for him to turn the portrait to the wall—but she gave him no time. Entering the room on tip-toe—with a finger lifted—and speaking in a whisper, while a pleasant smile kept playing about her mouth, as if she too had a game to play, she said—gently shutting the door behind her, and making a sign to be quiet, as she spoke—"My dear Mr. Sully I'm so glad to catch you alone—hush—you see alone, are you not!—nobody saw me come up—and I wouldn't be seen for the world—"

"Madam," said Sully, handing the lady a chair with that courtly grace for which he has been so distinguished. "Madam, be seated—pray compose yourself. Nothing unpleasant has happened, I hope,"—contriving to keep between her and the unfinished portrait, and to keep her eyes turned another way, under all sorts of pretences, till he got an opportunity to reverse it.

"Nothing in the world, my dear sir," answered the lady. "Nothing in the world—but this afternoon, as I was sitting by myself, an idea entered my head all at once—the drollest thing! Do you know that I have been trying these dozen years to persuade my husband to have his portrait painted—and he has always kept putting me off, and putting me off, till at last I am out of all patience. But to-day—bless me! I'd forgotten a part of my errand—how long will it take you to paint a portrait! *Could* you have it done by the twenty-fifth of this month—the twenty-fifth, Mr. Sully—not a day later, nor earlier!"

"I think I might," said Sully—wondering where all this would end.

"Well, then," continued the fair visiter—who saw the painter's perplexity, and was anxious to relieve it—"Well, then—would you undertake to get a likeness of me, and have it all finished and framed by the twenty-fifth?"

"Of *you*, Madam! I thought you wanted a portrait of your husband."

"So I do, Mr. Sully—but he won't sit; he vows he won't—and so, I have determined to take him by surprise, If I can—to get painted myself without his knowledge, and to have the picture finished and sent home, ay, and hung up in a proper place for it while he is out of the way. I wonder if you couldn't help me! The twenty-fifth is the anniversary of our marriage, and I know he would be delighted with my picture, though he would never ask me to sit, lest I should turn round upon him and make the same request. There! you see how it is."

"Can it be possible!" thought Sully, who had begun to have all sorts of misgivings, when the lady first entered upon the subject; but now that he looked into her face and saw the sincerity there—the delighted expression of her eyes, and listened to her warm-hearted affectionate language, while speaking of her husband, he could no longer doubt.

"Madame," said he, "I think it may be managed. Let me see—on the twenty-fifth you say. To have the thing done properly, however, the picture—picture, I mean, must be finished, and framed, and got home to your house, and actually hung up, as you say, the evening before."

"The day before, if you please, Mr. Sully. I want you to hang it in the most favorable light—and—and in short you know the rooms—I shall leave everything to you."

"Perhaps," continued Mr. Sully, "you might contrive to go into the country the day before—the twenty-fourth—and yet,"—growing thoughtful—"and yet, if it should happen to rain, that would never do, to depend upon."

"Well, well—never trouble yourself about that. I'll undertake to have my husband out of the way all the afternoon and evening of the day before, if you will take it upon yourself to hang the picture, while we are abroad. Leave that to me. And now, when would you like to begin?"

"Immediately, Madam—this very moment, if you are disengaged. We have not a moment to lose." And so down sat the lady, with a magnificent shawl hanging loosely over her arm, and her dress just in the condition a painter most loves—looking a little hurried and tumbled, and altogether free from the stiffness you find in the drapery of a prepared sitter; and down sat the artist, with a sheet of brown paper, and a large crayon before him, to prepare a preliminary sketch. He was very happy—within half an hour he had attained a beautiful bit of composition, with a sort of general likeness not to be mistaken, of the lady herself—the light being made out with chalk, and all the effects produced with that wonderful facility which characterizes the fine, faithful, free-handed draughtsman. The sketch completed, so as to give the sitter an idea of the composition, Sully got a prepared canvass upon the easel, and soon succeeded in obtaining a capital likeness for the first sitting.

"And now, Mr. Sully," said the happy wife, "when am I to come again!"

"Let me see, Madam—to-morrow, if you please, and about the same hour—say half-past three, or a little later. But stay—a thought strikes me. We shall have to make friends of the family. My wife must be let into the secret, or—"

"Or—*what sir?*" and the lady smiled.

"Or," continued Mr. Sully, not much disconcerted, though sadly put to it for the moment, to contrive a plausible excuse for communicating with his wife, and thereby preventing a discovery—"Or, my dear Madam, we have so many visiters, that somebody might happen to see, either coming or going, and so spoil your frolic."

"Well, and how are we to provide against such a catastrophe! I wouldn't be seen for the world—though, to be sure, at any other time I should not have the least scruple about coming to your rooms by myself—they are so public, you know."

"Stay, Madam, I have it. If you find my door fast when you arrive, just oblige me by slipping into the parlor below."

"The front parlor?"

"No, Madam, the back parlor; and then you know there would be no difficulty in slipping a sitter out of the front door, without being seen—that is, without your being seen."

"Exactly. And beside, that would be no more than fair—because how do I know but you may have some other sitter, as anxious not to be seen as I am. If you say so, I'll come by the back way, and not enter the house till I know your sitters are gone."

Sully agreed to this—and went to work with such heart upon the two pictures, that within a week he had brought the wife's up to match with the husband's, and used to have them *all* day long upon two easels before him—each looking at the other, with an expression very like what might have been hoped for, had the pictures themselves been laying their heads together and thinking of the catastrophe.

Again and again did it happen that the husband was sitting when his wife called; and more than once, notwithstanding all the painter's precautions, the husband had to be slipped out by the back way, while the wife was slipping in at the front; and when the two portraits were finished, and framed, and placed together in a good light upon the walls from the room, where they could be studied by the artist as man and wife, and touched—and retouched—here a little and there a little—with express reference to the droll situation of the parties, the husband came to tell him that everything was arranged, and that—rubbing his hands and chuckling with delight—he had beguiled his wife into a promise to take a long ride in the country, which would be sure to keep them so late, as to prevent all chance of her seeing the picture before she went to bed. Wouldn't that be glorious! And he valued himself the more upon his management, because the lady, somehow, had never been very fond of riding—and the weather was not so very pleasant—and she had always been averse, particularly averse to coming home late; whereas now, oddly enough, she spoke of going so far, that if she had only stopped to think for a moment, or had her wits about her,

the worst have seen that they couldn't possibly get back before bedtime.

Sully congratulated the gentleman, and promising to have his part of the business attended to without fail—[illegible]—took the liberty of showing him the door, and blessing—just in time to prevent the wife, whose step he recognized in the back parlor, from meeting the husband in the entry—[illegible] the sooner he got away the better, as he had another sitter coming.

Hardly had the husband got off—which he did on tip-toe, closing the door so softly after him, that even Mr. Sully was in doubt whether he had gone, or whether he had only got frightened and crept back into the front parlor to hide himself—when the other door opened slowly and softly, and the wife peeped out, and asked if the sitter had gone—"I thought he never would go," said she.

"He, madam—how should you know the sitter was a *he*?"

"Oh—I know the step!"

"Know the step, madam!" Here was a pretty kettle of fish! For a moment the painter believed they had tumbled head-first into the fifth act, and spoiled the catastrophe; but the next he was reassured by the lady's adding, that she knew it was a man's step, and that the person, whoever it was, happened to have a slight creak in his shoes, and was trying to step softly. "And do you know, she added, playfully touching Mr. Sully on the arm, do you know that I was dying to know who it was, and was just running to the front window to look out, when—"

"Bless my soul, madam!"

"Oh, but I didn't though! I was only thinking how pleasant it would be—and then—no, no—do as you should be done by, says I to myself; how should you like to be served so? It would have been altogether too spiteful, wouldn't it, Mr. Sully? No, no—I wouldn't have done it for the world."

"I wouldn't have had you do it for the world, madam," said the painter, laying his hand upon his heart with unspeakable solemnity. "Just imagine how you would have felt, madam, on looking up at the window as you left the door, to find a pair of strange eyes watching you through the blinds, or peeping through the curtains—your husband's for example!"

"Oh lud, Mr. Sully—don't! don't! I should have dropped down upon the spot, I'm sure I should! But—just allow me to look at the cast of the drapery, as you call it, once more"—passing him as she spoke, and running to the door of the study.

"Not for your life, madam!" cried Sully, hurrying past her, and contriving to place himself in such a position that she couldn't see her husband's picture, though it was actually upon the wall, and almost fronting her as she opened the door, and was about to enter. "Not for your life, madam!—the picture is finished—the shawl is magnificent, upon my word it is—the finest bit of drapery I ever painted in my life—and, in short, madam," drawing the door to with a gentle violence, turning the key and slipping it into his pocket as he continued—"every minute is precious now. It would be such a pity for you to be seen here"—

"You are right, Mr. Sully, you are right, and I will go; but first let me tell you what I have done. I declare I can't help laughing!—at breakfast this morning, what should my dear good husband do, but propose a ride over to Germantown this very afternoon—a ride I detest at this season of the year; he has got some business over there, it seems, and is willing to take me with him—was ever any thing so lucky! and then the weather—not bad enough to keep us at home, nor pleasant enough to justify so long a ride. Yet we are to return late—upon my word, when it came to that, I could hardly keep my countenance, and when I told him I had no objection to the night air, and thought on the whole it might do me good—there was the strangest look in his eyes for a moment, you ever saw—just as if he thought I was laughing at him—ha, ha, ha!"

"What an escape!" thought poor Sully, as the lady disappeared. "So far so good!"—fanning himself with a large crayon sketch, and dropping into a chair all out of breath; and then turning to the two portraits, who were looking at each other for all the world, as if they were both in the plot, he added—"As I live, my excellent friends, I should not be very much surprised that you both have been fooling me from the first. Your eyes look like it—and the smile about your mouths. Well, well—courage—let him laugh that wins! The best way, and the only way left, indeed, is to carry the joke through."

That afternoon, by four o'clock, the two portraits were hung up, and all the windows darkened, except one that furnished a favorite light; and all the doors were shut, and no body on earth knew a syllable of what had been done—not even the servants—so beautifully managed was the affair. Under pretence of looking at a fine landscape, Sully had been admitted by the housekeeper—and having satisfied himself, and called in a student to enjoy it with him, they were left alone together, and went away together just as they came—no body being the wiser.

"My dear," said the wife next morning,—"what are you up so early for?"

"Have you forgotten, my love? I couldn't sleep for my life. This is the twenty-fifth."

"So it is, I declare, and that accounts for it. I have been fidgetting this last hour, ever since daylight, indeed. I couldn't help wondering what was the matter with me. I've tried, and tried, and tried, but all to no purpose; I could *not* get to sleep again."

"Hadn't you better get up, my dear?"

"Yes—I believe I must."

And so both of the parties got up an hour and a half earlier than usual, on that day, and equipped themselves with the greatest possible expedition for the surprise they meditated, each upon the other.

"Stop, my dear—wait for me—don't be in a hurry," said the wife, seeing her husband about to leave the room—"I shall be ready in a moment."

"Certainly—with pleasure," answered the husband, half vexed with himself that he hadn't waked earlier, or taken an opportunity to steal out of bed while his wife was asleep, and to go down into the parlor to see if the picture was there; and in a favorable light; and then comforting himself with the recollection that Sully was a man to be depended upon, under all circumstances, and of course that he should find every thing in apple-pie order, and had nothing to fear. "How odd!" thought he, "after having been awake so long, she didn't happen to get up—and by some chance or other drop into the room below, and spoil the *joke forever*!" Poor man! How little did he suspect the truth! Husband and wife both, had been awake ever since long before daylight—each pretending to be asleep, and waiting for an opportunity to steal away—or listening each to the other's breathing, in the hope that such extraordinary restlessness might end at last in a comfortable nap.

Well—they descended the stairs together, and the husband was just putting out his hand to touch the handle of the door—when—lo and behold!—his wife stopped as if she too had something to say—and then smiled—and then both looked foolish—and then the husband, being able to stand it no longer, flung open the door and begged her to walk in!

As he moved away, she entered, trembling from head to foot. Both looked up—the wife screamed! and the husband was all aghast! "My dear!" said he—and then he stopped short, overwhelmed with astonishment and perplexity. "Oh dear!" answered the wife, and then she came to a full stop, and both stood staring at the two pictures and rubbing their eyes, very much as if to satisfy themselves that they were broad awake.

Well, and what then?

Why then—my story is finished.

What a scene for the stage!

Yes—and what a lesson to people who go through the world, gathering always and never scattering; reaping where they have not sowed—and literally sponging their entertainment out of all the rest of the world, without shame or compunction! Are there not millions of stories like this afloat in the memories of people who never think of bringing them out, or of acknowledging their existence by word or sign. To all such, allow me to say, shame on you! for a pack of mumchances. What on earth are you good for? Think you that magazine writing—or stage-coach conversation is to be made up of axioms and apothegms, of essays and homilies? No. Both should be sprightly and natural, and ever changing—mutable as the leaves of autumn playing in the sunshine, or the chiming sea, when the blue waves are flashing with perpetual evolution.

AN EARLY CALL.

It was a quarter past ten: the door of Lady J.'s mansion was ajar; the obese porter was cautiously pushing, with a broom, some tea leaves sprinkled over the wall, not to add dust to the powder on the head of a tall lacquey, who was adjusting his locks at a glass. At this moment a young man, who, from his very unassuming dress, and still more unassuming manner, could not be imagined "any thing" by the great people of the vestibule, walked in the hall. "What do you want?" said the porter. "I want to see Lady J." was the reply. "Indeed!" ejaculated the guardian of her Ladyship's paradise. The fine footman turned slightly round, winked his eye at the porter, pulled the down-stairs bell, and only said, "That's a good un." At the sound of the bell, up came another splendid footman of his inches, with a razor in his hand, and his face half shaved. "What's the matter?" hastily asked the man from the regions below. "Oh, nothing, only this here person wishes to see her Ladyship at once!" But his companion, disturbed at his toilette, was fired with still greater indignation at the presumption, and he shot at the intruder a glance of mute grandeur, superiority, and contemptuous [illegible] withal, capable of pulverizing any ordinary mortal. But the incorrigible object of his wrath only repeated, "I want to see Lady J." "Pray, what are you?" was retorted, with a due expression of withering contempt. "I am the Duke de Nemours," was the quiet answer. At these words the porter dropped his broom in dismay, the lacquey at the glass, attempting to make an obeisance, tumbled down, whilst his Royal Highness's cross-questioner, after one moment of speechless astonishment and horror, plunged once more into the realms below. However, the inner doors were soon opened *a double battants*. As the Duke advanced towards the boudoir, housemaids, with their brooms, flew this way; footmen, with their dusters, that way. The noble countess herself, who was still in the arms of Morpheus, was scarcely less dismayed than her servants at the sudden summons, although she had the previous night solicited "an early visit." The Duke de Nemours had full proof of the curious fact, that the busy English rise very late, whilst the volatile Parisians, whose only business is pleasure, are every day up with the lark, and as merry.—*London Court Journal.*

Results of Wine.—The celebrated Addison said many years ago, "Wine heightens indifference into love, love into jealousy, and jealousy into madness. It often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an assassin. It gives bitterness to resentment, it makes vanity insupportable, and displays every little spot of the soul in its utmost deformity."

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OUR WEEKLY CHAT.

The prominent item of news in this day's paper, will be found in the details of the conspiracy to take an United States vessel from her officers, and convert her into a piratical cruiser. The consequences of such a daring act, had it been consummated, it is as unnecessary as painful to contemplate. Of the conduct of the officers of the Somers, in the suppression of the mutiny, we have elsewhere said all that we think it proper to say, while the facts are as yet not officially before the public. In due time, all the circumstances of this fearful tragedy will be promulgated as matters of legal investigation and of record. It is not an unprecedented affair, although our young navy has no other similar passage in its history. At least one event like it has occurred on board of a British vessel, even to the parallel circumstance that an officer was concerned; and in that case, as in this, the safety of the vessel demanded instant and summary punishment of the ringleaders.

There are considerations incidental to this event which it is hoped may, by it, be pressed upon the public attention. One of them is the unfortunate fact that too many parents and guardians, ever since Somers was ploughed by her keel, have considered a vessel the fit penitentiary to which to send ungovernable and mischievous boys who cannot be curbed at home. It is an affliction, both of the naval and of the merchant service, that bad and apparently irreclaimable youth are charitably considered good enough for sailors. Now although the discipline of any ship is often sufficient to reclaim those who are not too thoroughly vile, it is probably the fact that the great majority of pirates and mutineers are of the class who, being driven to sea because too bad to live on shore, ultimately prove themselves too bad to live at sea also. And as the larger portion of our hardy seamen are men who have taken to the sea from choice, or from circumstances of chance, or of necessity, not allied to any moral obliquity, it is a grievous wrong to force upon them the companionship of villains and desperadoes—unjust, though the association only were considered, deeply criminal—when such consequences result as piracy and murder.

Another matter—and one which deserves the immediate attention of Congress—is the correction of the ridiculous mistake into which our legislators fell, when they dismantled *our* men of war, by abolishing the marine corps, *or so* enfeebling it, that its great practical benefits are lost. All maritime experience has demonstrated the utility and necessity of marines, or as they may more intelligibly be described, soldiers at sea. There can be no kindred or affinity between soldiers and sailors. No mutiny was ever hatched, in which marines and sailors proper united. Jack views pipe-clay with such supreme aversion, that the marines are forced into a distinct position, and are always found faithful to the officers; or if they become by any chance disaffected, their ill-humor is not dangerous. They are too limited in number, of themselves to effect any thing, and never can find sailors to co-operate with them.

The Congressional record will show what Congress has done and attempted since our last. It is too early in the session to exhibit much in the way of results; but in the absence, so far, of any topic of dissonance leading to long speeches, the preliminaries of the session have been disposed of with commendable expedition. From the temper of both houses it would seem tolerably certain that the Bankrupt Law will be this session repealed; and a conviction of this probability appears to have urged those who intend to avail themselves of the act, into exceeding great activity in the principal cities.

Our selected department exhibits choice selections from three of the leading magazines in the country; and we may point to each article in prose and in verse, as to specimens of periodical writing, which would do no discredit to any magazines in the world. In whatever light our transatlantic friends may affect to regard our annuals and weeklies, they must concede that the belles-lettres monthlies of the United States need fear comparison with no foreign rivals.

In the original department are three articles "appropriate for the season" in the intention of the writers, if in nothing else. Our old friend Sketcher leads upon the theme which should fire every Christian's heart; and he is followed by a new correspondent, who would seem to have fallen by chance precisely upon the point of commencement, which was Sketcher's closing period. Ezekiel Jones dilates, in prose, upon the way in which they do things at this season in the country. We are almost inclined to envy Mr. Jones, the happiness upon which he prides himself, and we certainly do wish his friend, Kitty Clark, all joy of her Christmas Gift.

Taking the "cream of the Magazines" fresh, as it rises, and publishing the articles pertinent to the season to which we have referred, has crowded a highly interesting Lecture on the French Revolution over for one week. The same cause also leads to so small a dish of "Our Mess" as is this day presented. But, having the whole now in our hands, we shall deliver it hereafter, as fast as possible, that the impatience of our friends to "come to Heraclea," may be humored. Jack Hinton is certainly one of the most musical gentlemen we have ever encountered.

CHRISTMAS!

Various rumors have reached the city, relative to the approach of the ubiquitous Kriss-Kringle—who is known in New Amsterdam under the alias of Santaclaus. One of our country friends alleges that the old gentleman was detected in stealing a load of scrap turkies in Berks county, but as Kriss prefers rather to delectate the younger youth of a family with confections, and to leave the solids to be bought in market, this rumor is doubtful. The alliterative allegation that he was last seen posting over the Alleghanies with a barrel of treacle, to be done into Taffy and elaborated into more artificial teeth destroying substances, has more show of probability. And then again, the piles of books, in price from ten cents to ten dollars and over—the jewelry, housewifery, millinery, and toy house paraphernalia, the gauds and usefuls, the gay articles and neat, the rich and attractive, which embellish the windows in Chesnut street and in all the *streets*, indicate that if Kriss-Kringle has really done all this importation, he, at least, suffers little from the depression of the times.

It is a good custom to visit the children with presents at this season, and furthermore, it is a delightfully pleasant one. No treat which all the days in the three hundred and sixty-five afford, is more gratifying to a man or woman with a heart, than to see the lighting up of the eyes of the little folks, when, in the morning, the hitherto carefully concealed presents are brought to the light, and placed in the hands of the eager expectants. Some there are, who prefer to apply their courtesy to older recipients. No blushing there, Master Will-not-be-bashful-if-you-can-help-it. You may buy a wife with a Christmas box; and she may be dear or cheap at that, as the fates favor you; but it is undeniable that you have faith in the investment. Kriss-Kringle is a maker of more matches than St. Valentine, "by odds." A woman might be offended by the presentation of a token on the 14th of February; but that young lady is yet to be born who will take offence at a Christmas or New Years present—particularly if you should compliment her taste with the initial number of some excellent Magazine for '43, and tell her that the other numbers for the year were to follow. A present at New Years may mean something or nothing, as the parties choose; and is therefore exceedingly convenient.

And now a word or two in a more serious strain. If we are at all in the spirit of Him, in whose honor this festival is established, *remember the poor*. The apostle speaks of two classes: "He that regardeth the day regardeth it unto the Lord; and he that regardeth not the day, to the Lord he doth not regard it." *Prove your sincerity by acts—your faith by works.* Regarding the festival or not, *remember the poor*; give of your abundance to those who, in their poverty lack necessities, whose you in your competence have superfluity. But we are proceeding probably to little purpose. Those whose disposition jumps with the injunction twice placed above in italics, need no invitation to a duty which they have already remembered, while those whose hearts are as hard as the nether millstone, are not to be melted even by Christmas. Peradventure, however, some thoughtless one, with the disposition to do good when reminded of that duty, may be moved to active benevolence, by a word in kindness. If so, this annual Christmas injunction may not have been written in vain.

PUBLIC TASTE ABROAD.

In recent London papers appeared the report of the trial of the discarded paramour of a scion of nobility for theft. It appeared that certain articles which she carried away from his lordship's house, and claimed as presents, he claimed back again, as merely loaned to her. The verdict was acquitted, but it was rendered, apparently more from contempt for the complainant than from a belief in the woman's innocence, as diamond snuff boxes are certainly unusual presents to make to abandoned women. It appears by subsequent accounts that the woman pawned these articles, as she has since tried to get redress against the pawnbroker, who refuses to give them up, having been served with an injunction by the insolent profligate from whom they were taken. And, from her readiness to redeem the articles, it would seem also that there is among the London aristocracy of wealth, fashion and title, yet another man, base if possible, than the person who has appeared in the criminal courts as the prosecutor of Alice Lowe, and is also a claimant against her by civil process; not apparently, being content, with the notoriety which the first proceedings obtained for him. One is forcibly reminded, by these relations, of the burglar who appealed to a justice to compel a fellow robber to surrender his share of the booty they had taken. The only difference is that the burglars were infinitely more reputable than the parties in these suits.

As the woman rode to the pawn-brokers in a magnificent chariot, it appears, as we have already chanced, that some other wealthy despicable has become her "protector." A sorry argument this for the condition of morals among a certain portion of the proud and wealthy of the father land. No one would dare then publicly to insult the good and pure, if he had not quite a world of his own kidney to keep him in countenance; and no clique in any class of society would dare to support one of their number in such open outrage upon decency, if public opinion were not altogether too lax upon such subjects. It is painful to think that in all countries, and in all ages of the world, gilded vice too often escapes its deserts; but we cannot help begging foreign travellers, and particularly English tourists in this country to recollect these incidents. We can say, and truly, that in no American city could such events transpire, and the actors in them remain within the pale of decent society. But what is quite as bad as anything we have yet alluded to, is to come.

This shameless woman has been made a "star" of, at one of the Metropolitan theatres. Her profligate notoriety has, more than once, filled "The City of London Theatre." To be sure this is a minor house, but that fact only operates to show that every grade of society in London has its appetite for the base and vile. We do not claim purity, by any means, for our American cities, but we do believe that a more decent outrage than the mere filling of the house would have occurred, had this experiment of a theatrical manager been tried upon an American public. We doubt not that the House would have been filled, from pit to dome, on the "first representation," but we doubt whether the same house would answer for a repetition of the performance, without undergoing extensive repairs. And we doubt, also, whether the "particular star" of the occasion would, with all her daring immodesty venture upon a second exhibition.

To what a state must the theatre have fallen, when such attractions as this are resorted to, to fill its benches! To what a state of apathy in relation to decency must that city have sunk, in which a matter like this quietly takes its place, among the recognized "amusements of the people;" and what a high tone Mr. Dickens's high toned European journals must have given to the popular taste! Verily are we bound to be content with the melancholy dearth of amusements in America which Mr. Dickens comments upon in his notes. If, as he maintains, the very mode grinders in our streets harmonise the Irish jig down to mournful merry makings, and their attendant monkeys become solemn and sobersided—certainly the debased and abandoned do not play such fantastic tricks with the public patience, as the manager of the City of London Theatre has done by aid of his fair and frail assistant.

THE RIGHT VIEW.

The Grand Jury at New Orleans, in a recent presentment, after saying that the law there against duelling, in consequence of its severity, is a dead letter, adds: Let the penalties be confined to a fine and imprisonment, and to the support of the family of the deceased, and in case of the relations of the deceased should not be in a situation to require said support, let the creditors have a right of action against the surviving party, and jurors will be found to enforce the law." It is a fact not so well known as it should be, that the laws against duelling are much more severe in many of the States at the South than generally at the North. Their severity defeats their usefulness.

At the South and West, the duellist is compelled by public opinion, to make apology to the public. Mr. Marshall, in a late speech in Kentucky, found it necessary to enumerate his catalogue of the causes which induced his duel with Col. Webb, and to give his own version of the affair. He adds: "If, under all these circumstances of wanton aggression on the part of Col. Webb, I had not called him out, there is not a Presbyterian lady in my district, who would not have whipped me with her *garters*, in scorn and contempt, from her presence." Received as a mere figure of speech, this will do: but the gentleman indulges in some hyperbole. In Kentucky, and in no other State in the Union, or country in the world, would woman, the conservator of the peaceful doctrines of the Gospel, advocate their infringement; unless indeed, false to her trust, she would throw her religion aside, as not adapted to all occasions. Does Mr. Marshall intend to insinuate that convenient practice as the habit of the ladies of his district? If so, we should not blame them if they inflicted the castigation now, which he professes to fear would have taken place in a supposed case.

But we doubt not the ability of the Kentucky ladies to take care of themselves, while their detractor exhibits such a trembling apprehension of the visitation of a punishment, the means of administering which are supposed to be in the reach of all the ladies in the land. And while, we rejoice that the utterance of Mr. Marshall's apology to his constituents shows that the right sentiment pervades the country in relation to the custom of duelling—"more honored in the breach than the observance," we pass to some considerations upon the *courage* of duellists, as developed in the conduct and professions of Mr. Marshall. We pass his desire to fight on the Sabbath, prompted by a fear that he might be suspected of some reverence for religion—dastardly and impious and foolish as *such* fear was; and look at a moment at the true *bathos* of the narrative of this "affair of honor."

The *fear*, which is a duellist's courage, is confessed. Mr. Marshall poised in his mind, a shot from Col. Webb, against the weight of a silver clasp. He studied projectiles attentively, and considered that a ball, sent from a pistol, might in the first place possibly, and very probably not hit, and if it did, while it wounded the flesh, it would rather cure the wound in his vanity than rankle there. He next rummaged his memory for the accounts of encounters with slings, as practised by the Scythians, the Amazons, and other nations of antiquity. Perhaps, also, he may have seen in his own time, a bullet grafted into the end of a cord, and used for flagellation; and in his presumed ignorance of the precise weight and formidability of the impromptu slings, in possession of the ladies of his district, which figured in his excited imagination, he chose the pistol of Col. Webb, in preference to waiting for other evils which "he knew not of." We recommend the gentleman to get married forthwith, that, when perchance hereafter, one of those terrible creatures, whose fear is in his heart, may assail him, he may possess domestic forces wherewith to meet her. Perhaps his terrors of elastics with silver clasps, may diminish when he writes himself, "Benedict, the married man."

HARD TIMES.

A paper received at this office—The Phenix, published at Hernando, De Soto county, Mississippi, comes accompanied by four or five extra sheets, which contain notices of tax collectors default sales over EIGHTEEN HUNDRED in number, all in De Soto and one or two adjoining counties. There are eighteen pages of these advertisements, five columns to a page, and the advertisements number about twenty to a column. Truly the state of that portion of the country must be depressed enough, if there is any thing in such indications as these.

But, as has been sagaciously remarked by some nameless Lacon—"it is an ill wind which blows no where." According to the editor's published terms he must receive something like two thousand dollars for the first insertion of these advertisements, and half that sum for every subsequent appearance. Lawyers, tax-collectors, and printers of legal notices are sure of their pay, whatever may become of the holder of the property which has become entangled. Soon may our country, in all its parts, recover from the last traces of the business disease which has so heavily visited it.

WAR VS. CHRISTIANITY.

Our readers may doubtless have read a speech, or extracts from it, made by an American Missionary, at one of the anniversaries in New York, in which the orator laid much stress upon the gain of christianity and civilization, effected by the progress of the British arms in the Eastern World. The speaker was eloquent, and his sentiments were specious, insomuch that many of the hearers of the address, and many of the readers of it, as reported, were blinded into a half admission of the truth of premises, which, once admitted, would put Mahomet above Christianity. If proselytism at the point of the sword is to be not only excused and palliated, but commended after the fact, certainly that religion is the best, which, like the doctrines of the Alcoran, incorporates the duty of putting infidels to the sword, among its moral requirements.

It is related of the first faction of professed Christians who took up arms for their religion, that they could not evade the direct teachings of Holy Writ against proselytism by the sword. The manner in which they justified their own conduct, and claimed to be obedient to the Gospel, while they carried on war against other Christians, affords a curious specimen of casuistry. They fought with clubs. Of course their mode of warfare was infinitely more cruel and barbarous than if they had employed legitimate weapons. It is ever thus, when men, manifestly doing wrong, claim to do right, by a distortion and misrepresentation of the right; and the war in China will prove infinitely more cruel and wicked, while it is conducted under the pretence of justice, than it would be if the British nation avowed their simple and true purpose, and went directly at it, unjust as it is, in the most straightforward and open manner.

How residents upon the spot regard the question of right and wrong; and how they see the benefits which Great Britain is conferring upon China, are shown in the following letter from an American merchant residing in Canton. It appeared originally in the Boston Courier:

"In China, the British forces have made religion and civilization, in the eyes of the Chinese, synonymous with murder and rapine. Breaking to pieces monuments erected to the memory of the dead—digging up and mutilating bodies—protecting with the ships of war, the opium smugglers on the coast—opening the way for them and for pirates to Whampoa, where a large fleet of opium craft lie, and occasionally amusing themselves with murder—and making the settlement of Hong Kong a *sink*, where the filth of China and Europe run together—small opium shops being open, where 'Drunk for a penny, Dead drunk for two pence,' is the motto, or at any rate, the *practice*. The population is *English* soldiers and sailors and *Chinese* rogues and prostitutes. Business at the north is so much interrupted by the innocent and hard working population being driven from their houses by the English cannon, that British imports have gone down to less than prime cost in England, and many of them will not sell at all.

"And now the Americans have the pleasure of hearing Mr. Adams quoted as authority, which ought to make us all admit the 'right is with the British.' If he were here, he would regret the hour when he apparently lent the sanction of his name and character to the wholesale butchers of his species. When the Bogue forts were captured, the poor devils of Chinese soldiers, who were forced by their own officers to fight, finally fled and clustered together outside of the fort, on a narrow point of land, crowded upon it as far as the sea on all sides would allow, and the Indian sepoys were allowed to approach within convenient distance and fire into the unresisting mass, till all the men composing it were killed or wounded."

CARPET WEAVING.

Few of our readers are aware how ingenious a machine is a carpet loom, and how curious a process is the weaving of carpets. We allude particularly to those which are woven in *figures*, and not *stripes*. The latter require comparatively little variation from the common loom; the former in their complexity of machinery are among the most wonderful inventions of man. Still, machinery has not hitherto been so arranged as to dispense with the attendance of a large number of careful and ingenious and experienced men. The changes of colors are indicated by bells, which the loom strikes to warn the weaver, when to make his changes; and the operative sits with his pattern before him, and introduces the different colors, as directed by the tinkle of the bells. A room full of these machines, in operation, strikes the spectator with astonishment, as showing the wonderful approximation to thought and reason, with which the skill of man has contrived to invest inanimate materials. But these looms have hitherto been moved by hand alone; no ingenuity having been sufficient to apply water or steam to the work.

But, as we are advised by a correspondent in Lowell, "the city of spindles," Yankee ingenuity has at last achieved a great and unexpected triumph. The power loom for common fabrics was invented in this country, all weaving, prior to the introduction of manufactures into America, having been done in hand looms. And here it may be well to state that the distress of which we have such lamentable accounts among hand loom weavers in England is one of the temporary evils which have followed this great invention. Power looms have been to a great extent introduced in England, but in an old country, where large classes, thrown out of employment, cannot readily find other occupation, there are still many hand loom weavers. In the most prosperous times, as these laborers must, in their labor, compete with machinery, it is obvious that their compensation must be a mere pittance. When the demand for their work is small, and they are employed but a portion of the time, the rate of pay, which, when they have full work, barely keeps them from starvation, does not suffice to give them even a bare subsistence.

To return to our carpets. The Carpet Manufacturing Company, at Lowell have laid the foundation for a large building, which is to be filled with carpet machinery, carried entirely by water power. The looms have been tested, and found to work with entire success. With this machinery *one girl* will do the work formerly done by *nine men*. From this date we may calculate that carpets will, in a few years, be as comparatively cheap as cotton cloth, which has fallen, within the memory of living men, from thirty and forty cents the yard, to six and ten.

Of the general state of manufactures in Lowell, we are advised by our correspondent, that all the works in that city are now in operation; though all of them do not yet pay a profit to the stockholders. With the revival of business generally, for which all now hope, the city will resume its wonted prosperity.

THE NAVY REPORT.

Judge Upshur, in this document, shows close attention to his duty. He recommends a suitable navy, upon some fixed and permanent plan—and that, in order to have officers properly disciplined, the vessels be kept as much as possible at sea. He also recommends the establishment of naval schools on shore, for the education of midshipmen and those who are candidates for appointments in the navy—and proposes a system of compulsory furlough, which will compel negligent or unqualified officers to retire from the navy on half pay; but thinks that the power to compel furloughs should not be given to the Secretary. To school officers and men, he recommends that the vessels on different stations should frequently change places, instead of remaining for the whole term of their cruises upon the same—an excellent suggestion.

As an encouragement to naval officers, it is recommended to establish the rank of admiral, vice-admiral and rear-admiral. This may be a desirable change.

The Secretary asks for an increase of marines, and states that a large amount of public property is now exposed to loss and depredation from insufficiency of marines to guard it. The laws to protect ship timber from destruction he deems inefficient, and rightly considers its preservation of great importance to the country. He recommends the establishment of a navy yard on the largest scale on the waters of the lower Mississippi.

He thinks that the expenses of the navy are much greater than they ought to be, and that mechanical labor is paid for at too high a price.

Great frauds have been practised in copper, which will be hereafter prevented. The stations of the different squadrons are mentioned, and the state of the service generally reviewed. The steamships Missouri and Mississippi are pronounced to be unsuited to cruising in time of peace, in consequence of their great consumption of fuel; but would be useful in time of war.

CALIFORNIA.

We last week published some rumors relative to the Oregon and California, which we are now called upon to contradict. The correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot, at Washington says that there is not the slightest truth in the rumor of an arrangement between the Mexican Government, and our Minister, in regard to California. He claims to "know from undoubted authority that Gen. Thompson has entered into no such arrangement, and that the President had no reference to it whatever in his message." Very well—then we suppose we must "give in," and lose this Californian topic, which promised to be so prolific of paragraph and discussion for the press. But when Senator Linn gets a chance to be heard on his favorite theme he will give us music, nevertheless.

NEWS FROM CHINA.

By the arrival of the Cincinnati, at Baltimore, from New York, dates are received sixteen days later from China, than the previous advices via England. We do not find in them any thing authentic of importance. There are rumors of interest, and one of them is, that a public officer of rank in Peking, professing the Christian religion, has written to some of the Roman Catholic missionaries in Macao, saying, that the capital of China has been surrounded by Tartar troops for the last two years; but that now the treasury is exhausted, their pay is long in arrear: that they are deserting by hundreds, returning home to cultivate their fields; and that if the English were to march at once on Peking, it would fall to the steps of conquerors, without a shot being fired. This statement looks exceedingly apocryphal.

The Peking Gazette (official) states, that "the rebellious barbarians have built small vessels, which enter every where among the shallows," and the Canton Register (English and now printed at Macao) states, that a clear passage to Nanking has been discovered by the river Yantzekiang. The latest news received by the English, at Canton, was to the effect that the British forces near Nanking, were visited by a deputation from the Imperial Commissioner, whose overtures they declined to entertain. The Hong Merchants, however, claim to have received later news, to the effect that the British force was anchored near Nanking, and that at the request of Elepoo, a truce of thirty days had been agreed to, to enable him to report to the Emperor and await his answer. The same account states that twenty of the English ships had sailed to the northward of Trientsin in the gulf of Pechelee.

The Canton Register doubts the correctness of this, but scolds about the impolicy of dilatoriness, in such a tone that it betrays belief that the rumor may possibly be true. The imperial edicts have lost their confidence and swagger, and at the reports which reach him, his Celestial Majesty says, "my grief and indignation are extreme. He has gone from Peking to his summer residence. It is stated that the invaders are determined to force their way to the imperial presence itself. Should this be effected it would amount to a virtual conquest of the reigning dynasty, though the people would still be unsubdued.

P. S. Still Later.—The ship Helena arrived at New York on Wednesday, in 105 days from Canton—the shortest passage on record.

Just before she sailed, news arrived from the British force before Nankyng. The accounts, however, were not official, but the place was believed to be at their mercy, though there must have been some pretty hard fighting. *Five officers* are reported killed, among them two colonels, and one hundred and seventy-nine men killed and wounded; sixteen of the former are said to have dropped down dead from a coup de soleil.

The great Canal is blockaded; and after the capture of Nankyng, it is supposed the British will move on Nanj-choo-foo, and that it is the intention of the commander in chief to keep possession of the capitals of the two provinces of Chekeang and Keanjnan, the two most important positions in central China, and the occupation of which, and of the Canal, it is believed will so distress the Government at Peking, as to bring them to submission.

THE TREASURY REPORT.

The balance in the Treasury on the 1st of January last, exclusive of the amount deposited with the trust funds and indemnities, was $230,483 68. The receipts into the Treasury during the first three quarters of the present year, were $26,616,593 78. Of this, $14,260,630 came from the customs, $1,091,838 from the public lands, $112,967 from miscellaneous sources, and the rest from Treasury notes. The receipts of the fourth quarter are estimated at about eight millions, and with the balance in the Treasury, the aggregate for the year is set down at $34,733,077.

The expenditures for the three first quarters of the year, with the estimated expenditure for the remaining quarter, amount (including $7,856,400 for redemption of Treasury notes) to $34,503,160 35, to which add outstanding warrants, issued prior to January, 1842, $805,474 63, leaves a deficiency in the Treasury on the 31st of December, 1842, of $575,556 92.

The receipts for the half year ending 30th June, 1843, are estimated (including Treasury notes and loan to amount of $5,538,000) at $14,588,113; and the expenditures for the same period (including interest on debt and Treasury notes to the amount of $605,000) at $10,281,196. The estimates of receipts and expenditure for the fiscal year ending the 30th June, 1844, are estimated, the receipts from customs and public lands (and $150,000 from miscellaneous sources) at $18,850,000, and the expenditures (including interest and Treasury notes) at $20,945,498.

The balance remaining in the Treasury on the 30th June, 1843, it is estimated will amount to $3,731,369, and on the 30th June, 1844, to $1,635,871.

Since the estimates were prepared at the several Departments, it has been ascertained that the expenditures for the fourth quarter of the present year will fall short of the amount estimated: so that the balance in the Treasury on the 1st January next, will be larger than estimated: but, as the difference will become a charge on the Treasury in the next year, it has been deemed necessary to alter the amount as first estimated.

The recommendations of the report are confined to that of a farther provision for revenue and the support of public credit, by taxation on untaxed or lightly taxed articles of import, to produce an addition to the present revenue of three millions of dollars a year; an authority to allow interest on all outstanding Treasury notes, as under the last issue thereof; and the establishment of a warehousing system.

THE INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND.

The eighth annual report of the Managers of the Pennsylvania Institute for the Blind, states that there are now in the Institution sixty-one pupils. In sex they are nearly equally divided, and their ages vary from five to forty. Of the pupils, 46 are natives of Pennsylvania; 7 of Maryland; 5 of New Jersey; 2 of Delaware; and 1 of South Carolina. The indigent pupils of this State are admitted free, while those from other States are subject to a tax of $200 per annum—the States of Maryland, New Jersey, and Delaware, by acts of Legislature, making liberal appropriations for the pupils of their respective States.

A leading object of our calling public attention to the Institution now, is to remind the benevolent that the Institution is now, in a great measure, dependent upon the liberality of the philanthropic.

By an act of the Pennsylvania Legislature, passed the 27th of January, 1834, it was resolved, that the sum of $106 for each indigent pupil of the State should be appropriated, until the said appropriation, for said purpose, reached the sum of $9000: provided, also, that no pupil should be educated at the expense of the State for a longer term than six years. The same act directed an order to be drawn in favor of the Institution for $10,000. Owing, however, to the embarrassed condition of the State finances, the bequest of $106 per annum, for each pupil, has long ceased to operate.

At this age of the world, and in a Commonwealth which has so distinguished itself by enlightened humanity to those to whom nature has denied the advantage of the possession of their faculties, it is surely unnecessary to argue in favor of the propriety of instructing the blind. Under instruction, they not only derive great moral advantages, but they are relieved from the terrible ennui of want of occupation, and are enabled to contribute in no small degree to their own support.

FROM BRAZIL.

Intelligence from Brazil is by Rio Janeiro papers, to the 3d of November. A frigate and corvette were fitting out to proceed to Naples, to bring over Dona Maria Teresa Christine, the affianced of his youthful majesty of Brazil, Don Pedro Second. Matrimonial festivities would appear to promise to be in the ascendant in Brazil, as two European princes are on their way to that country, to solicit the hand of a sister of the Emperor.

The other rebellions having been suppressed, Field Marshal the Baron de Caxias set out for Rio Grande on the 29th of October. His last order from the Emperor was given in these words—"Put down the rebellion in Rio Grande as you have put down the others." Brief and explicit. This rebellion put down, it is said that war is next to be declared against Monte Video.

A VERY GOOD SUGGESTION.

A correspondent of the United States Gazette, remarks that there are very many poor families in great distress for the want of a stove, and very many rich families, who have discarded stoves, for which they have no use. If, says the writer, these stoves could be put in the hands of the Western Soup Society, corner of George and Schuylkill, they might be put to charitable use. The suggestion is a capital one, and we hope it will be attended too, all over the city, the donors selecting the nearest Society to take the gift in charge. To give away what one does not need or prize is the easiest kind of charity, and may, still, be as effective as any other. The difference between the rich and poor is only that the latter suffer, for the want of what are to the rich superfluities.

THE MARCH OF TEMPERANCE.

Dublin paper states that at the late races of [illegible] in Tipperary, although 40,000 persons were [present], not a blow was struck, and very few [drunken] men were seen. The absence of drunken scenes [accounts] for the absence of blows, and the change throughout [illegible] is accounted for by the [illegible] reformation—the glorious [illegible] state of Catholic places in Ireland. The [illegible] the length and breadth [illegible]. Throughout things may be noted of the Emerald Isle similar [to] that golden age, [illegible] has returned [illegible] Moore, when the unguarded and unmolested [illegible] the length and breadth of the land.

But, Ireland is not alone. Our [country] has witnessed a change as proud, and [illegible]. We have to be sure no single Father [Mathew] recognized as the one great apostle of [temperance], but we have advocates and successful advocates of reformation, by the score. And the women every where the great assistants and defenders of reform. It is stated in an exchange paper that the ladies of Nantucket raised and paid eight hundred dollars, during the last season, for the promotion of temperance. And that, we know, is the spirit by which the better and gentler sex are animated and moved throughout the land. Nor do they give their money alone but their time and labor; and, better and more efficient agents than all the rest, in the reformation of the other sex—their love and their smiles. No cause can lag or falter with such supporters—its progress must be ever onward. Bachelors must be temperate to win the ladies; strictly temperate bachelors never make drunken husbands—and temperate parents, who taste not, touch not, are sure to rear temperate children.

THE BANKRUPT LAW.

The following is a copy of a memorial which is circulating for signatures in the city of New York:

"Your Petitioners confidently believing that the continuance of the "Act to establish a uniform System of Bankruptcy" throughout the United States, will produce a most salutary effect in the prevention of overtrading and of the undue inflation of credit, and will tend to the equal distribution of the assets of the unfortunate debtor among his creditors, to the prevention of fraud, and to the relief of the honest debtor; and believing also that the most objectionable feature of the said Act has already exhausted its chief effects in the discharge of debts contracted before the passage of the act, and that the fickle course of legislation which would be exhibited in the entire repeal of the Act, would operate injuriously upon the interests of all classes of the community, and unjustly upon the rights of those who have not commenced their proceedings for a discharge under the provisions of said Act before the sitting of the present Congress—do respectfully demonstrate against the repeal of the said Act."

In this city a memorial is in circulation, the request of which is to prevent all retrospection beyond the first of February, 1842, when the present law became operative. The Judge shall appoint the assignees on nomination of a majority of creditors. The appeal and trial by jury shall be allowed to the creditor, and that an appeal from the judgment of inferior Courts shall be allowed to that at Washington.

THE WEST INDIES.

In our last we gave a report, via. New Orleans, that an expedition was fitting out from Cuba, against St. Domingo, on account of the capture of some Spanish vessels by the Haytiens. Subsequent advices lead to the belief that this affair may, after all, blow over. The Haytiens say that they were driven by hunger and necessity to the capture, and that all they have taken, they are ready to pay for. When the fearful calamities by which the island of St. Domingo has been visited, earthquake, inundation, pestilence, and consequent famine, are remembered, this statement seems reasonable enough; and in case of its truth, it is not unlikely that the matter may blow over.

CHRISTMAS TEMPERANCE CONCERT.

Active preparations are making to decorate the Chinese Saloon for a Concert and Grand Juvenile entertainment, on Monday afternoon, December 26th, which day is expected to be generally appropriated to the amusement of the young. We understand that the arrangements are in a manner that will astonish those who may be there on that occasion, and we expect to see more merry faces there than at any other time, should the weather prove favorable.

THE MUTINY.

As painfully interesting to the whole country, we give a full report of such events as have transpired, connected with the attempted mutiny on board the United States War Brig, Somers. The account we have selected, as being most minute, and still expressed in a style most concise, is that published originally in the New York Courier and Enquirer. We may add that it has in the manner of its relation, and in the language by which it is introduced, all the appearance of authenticity. The Somers arrived at New York, on her return from a cruise on the African coast on Wednesday of last week. An official account of the events below narrated was immediately despatched to Washington. The New York newspaper reporters did not get hold of the matter until Friday afternoon. On Saturday nearly all the New York newspapers had more or less of it. On Monday appeared in the Courier and Inquirer the account which we have annexed; and a more perfect one may not probably be expected, until after the developments of the Court of Inquiry.

In introducing the narrative, the Courier remarks: "We would merely premise, that although our account is not official, and although it may not comport with Mr. Mackenzie's notions of Naval Etiquette to approve of such a detailed statement as we are prepared to give, yet it may be relied upon as actually embracing most of the particulars of that gentleman's report to the Secretary of the Navy; and as we do not hold ourselves responsible to the distinguished Naval officers now on this station for what we may deem proper to make public under existing circumstances, we hope that they will agree with us, that the sooner the truth reaches the public the better it will be for all parties as well as for the character of the Navy; and in consequence, not give themselves any unnecessary trouble to ascertain our source of information." The narrative then proceeds:

The *Somers* sailed from New York about three months since, with a crew of eighty apprentices, eighteen ordinary seamen, and an orderly Sergeant of *Marines*, who acted as master at arms. She was commanded by Master Commandant Slidell Mackenzie, well known to the Navy as one of our most exemplary officers, and to the literary world, as the author of a "Year in Spain." Her officers consisted of Lieut. Gansevoort of Albany, and five or six Midshipmen, among whom was Philip Spencer, son of the Secretary of War, and two sons of Commodore Perry.

Having delivered the despatches with which he was charged, to the Commanding officer on the Coast of Africa, Capt. Mackenzie sailed for this port with the publicly avowed intention of touching at St. Thomas for provisions previous to coming on our Coast at this season of the year. A day or two previous to December 1st, and when the vessel was within about five or six hundred miles from *St. Thomas*, Midshipman Spencer hinted a part of his plan to Mr. Wales, the Purser's steward, who affected a hearty co-operation, took an oath of secrecy, &c., which Spencer administered to him, when he was made more fully acquainted with the plan of the mutineers. They had arranged to raise a scuffle on the forecastle some night after leaving *St. Thomas*, while the deck was in charge of Midshipman Rogers, a nephew of the late Com. John Rogers; and when the men engaged in it would of course be ordered aft to account for the cause of the disturbance, and while Mr. Rogers was thus engaged, they were to seize, gag and throw him overboard, with as little noise as possible. Spencer was then to enter the cabin and kill Capt. Mackenzie; and others were appointed to be stationed at the main hatch, through which the crew must pass to get on deck, and at the steerage hatch, through which all the officers except the Captain, must pass. All the officers, except the *Surgeon*, were to be murdered and thrown overboard; and the crew, who were below, were to be mustered on deck. The two after guns were to be pointed forward, to secure the mutineers from an attack, and such of the crew who had not yet joined, but who then elected to come in with them, were to be admitted, while the others were to be thrown overboard.

They were then to get out all the boats and lighten the vessel; after which they were to make for the Isle of Pines, *where they were to meet a confederate*. They were then to cruise in search of merchant vessels, trading between this port and Europe; which after being plundered, and the males on board killed, were to be indiscriminately sunk; and if there chanced to be any *females*, they were to be taken on board the *Somers*, and retained so long as the pirates might desire, when they also were to be committed to the deep! The arrangements for the division of the spoils, *the allotment of the females*, the various officers on board, &c., were all completed, and drawn up in detail in Spencer's hand-writing; and he assured Mr. Wales that he had *twenty* of the crew with him *sure*.

From the moment Spencer made the above disclosures known to Mr. Wales, he was watched with Argus eyes by Samuel Cromwell, boatswain's mate, and Elisha Small, seaman, who were the principal ringleaders with Spencer, and who threatened to throw him overboard, the moment they saw the least sign of defection in him, or had the least cause to suspect that he had made or intended to make any disclosures to any person.

Mr. Wales not daring to communicate with Capt. Mackenzie, made all the circumstances as detailed by Midshipman Spencer, known to the Purser, who promptly conveyed the intelligence to Capt. Mackenzie, when measures were immediately taken to ascertain the truth of the case. Spencer's papers were thereupon examined, and all the details of their plans as narrated by Wales, were fully confirmed. Spencer, Cromwell, and Small, were then secured, and all hands being mustered on deck, Capt. Mackenzie addressed them on the subject of the proposed mutiny, apprising them that all the plans of the mutineers had been discovered and frustrated, and warning them of the consequences of any similar attempt.

Capt. Mackenzie then addressed a circular letter to each of the officers on board the vessel, except the *acting* Midshipmen, requesting their opinion as to their course of conduct which should be pursued towards Spencer and the two men who had been arrested with him. Each one returned for answer that they deserved immediate death, and Capt. Mackenzie's opinion coinciding with that of his officers, it was determined to carry the punishment into immediate execution. All hands were accordingly called to witness punishment. Whips were then rove into each end of the fore yard arm, and one on the lower part of the yard. The prisoners were then brought on deck and informed of the punishment about to be executed upon them. Small at once confessed his guilt, and asked most penitently the forgiveness of his commander and the officers, which was at once granted to him. He then obtained permission to address the crew, which he did, warning them against [suffering] themselves ever to be seduced as he had been, [illegible] was [illegible] committal of the crime for which he [illegible].

Spencer [illegible] death. [illegible] self and [illegible] a respite of TEN MINUTES for himself [illegible] prepare to die [illegible] in guilt, in order that they might [illegible] *if he wished to* [illegible] *granted, and he was asked* [illegible] *replied that* [illegible] *his father or mother; but he* [illegible] *his guilt and the just*[ice of] [illegible] *He then acknowledged* [illegible] marked that he would [illegible] *his punishment*, and [illegible] (at sea) than to be subject [illegible] such a death there [illegible] on shore. The ten minutes [illegible] for by Spencer, was extended to upwards of [illegible] whole of which time was employed [illegible] nearly the [illegible] voring to obtain forgiveness of S[mall] [illegible] him in endeavoring [illegible] duced him into the committal of [illegible] for which he was so soon to expiate with his life. [illegible] hold his forgiveness for a length of time; [illegible] at last in reply to Spencer's oft reiterated request [illegible] "Do forgive me, Small," he said that he fully p[ardoned] him.

Every thing being in readiness, the noose [was] placed around the neck of each of the culprits, and the officers were stationed about the decks to see that every man had both hands on the ropes. About one o'clock, (sea time) on the 1st of December, the signal for execution was given by firing a gun to leeward, and the guilty men were run up.

After hanging about an hour, the bodies were lowered down and delivered to their several messmates to be laid out and sewed up; and in the evening they were committed to the deep, Captain Mackenzie *reading the service usual on the occasion of burials at sea*. Small's last words were to invoke a blessing on the American flag, and to ask forgiveness for having so dishonored it; but the others died without any marks of penitence. Immediately after the execution all hands were called to *cheer ship*; and three hearty cheers were given for the American flag, which was then waving at the gaff; after which all hands were piped down, and the usual duties of the vessel were resumed.

Four of the men who appeared to be most deeply implicated, were placed in irons immediately upon the discovery of the projected mutiny; but the others suspected to be concerned, were permitted to go to duty until they reached this port when they were also ironed and sent on board the North Carolina.

The following are the names of the men and boys now confined on board the receiving ship, and awaiting the action of the Navy Department:

Charles A. Wilson, sail-maker's mate.
Daniel McKinley, landsman.
Benjamin F. Green, ordinary seaman (apprentice.)
Alexander McKee, 2d class apprentice.
George W. Warner, ordinary seaman (apprentice.)
Chas. G. Golderman, landsman, (apprentice.)
Eugene Sullivan, 1st class apprentice.
Gerge Knesvah, landsman (apprentice.)
Richard Hamilton, 1st class apprentice.
Charles Van Velsor, ordinary seaman, (apprentice.)
Henry Waltham, (mulatto) wardroom steward.
Edward Gallia, (mulatto) steerage cook.

These are unquestionably the material facts attending this attempt to seize upon a national ship and convert her into a Pirate, and the consequent prompt and just punishment of the ringleaders. What adds greatly to the disgraceful character of this dangerous and daring attempt to obtain possession of a National vessel, is the fact that *one of the officers of the ship* devised and was at the head of the projected mutiny; and when we bear in mind that Spencer informed Wales that he had a *confederate at the Isle of Pines*, where the Somers had not been, and that his chief confederates, Cromwell and Small, shipped on board *after* Spencer had joined, there can be no reasonable doubt but the mutiny was arranged in this port. What confirms this supposition is the fact now ascertained, that Spencer declared before his departure, that he would never return to this city, and on the passage out assumed to be able to tell men's fortunes, and assured his fellow midshipmen in the steerage, that they had not long to live! words which at the time were treated as badinage, but which were doubtless based upon a knowledge of his desperate schemes.

All the petty officers who remained true to their flag, have behaved in the most exemplary manner; and the Serjeant of Marines, whose name has escaped us, left the sick report on the day the mutiny was discovered, and performed his duty daily until his arrival in port, when he was conveyed to the hospital, seriously and dangerously ill.

The mutiny, it is understood, was discovered to Capt. Mackenzie on the 29th of November, and the culprits executed on the 1st December. This sad alternative, we have reason to suppose, was expedited by a movement among the disaffected which looked like an attempt at rescue. Only one paper, so far as we have seen, dissents from the propriety of the course pursued by Master Commandant Mackenzie. The argument is, that he should have reserved the guilty men for trial by Court Martial, at home. But it is to be recollected that Spencer had acknowledged his guilt; and that he had boasted to Wales that he was *sure* of twenty of the crew,—an intimation that he had tampered with more. The fears of those who had consorted with him, or even listened to him, would make a party on board, ready to do violence for Spencer's rescue,—from the natural apprehension that the trial of Spencer and his arrested confederates, would involve the others.

With the knowledge that such fearful elements for the consummation of the diabolical plan, existed on board, it is not to be wondered, we think, that the officers of the Somers determined upon the painful alternative. They acted, in the fearful crisis, under their well considered impressions of their duty to themselves, to their country, and to their Maker; and the public will so careful not to prejudge a case which awaits strict investigation.

Capt. Mackenzie accompanied by all his officers and crew, attended Divine service last Sabbath at Brooklyn, to return thanks to an all-wise Providence for their escape from the dangers to which they have been exposed.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

Since the preceding was in type, we have received from various directions additional hints, facts and rumors. Such of them as are important, we proceed to notice.

The Madisonian of Tuesday states that up to that day a *full account* of the distressing affair had been received by the Secretary of the Navy, and that he had expressed no opinion, and taken no official steps in relation to it. The same paper contains two communications. One of them, is evidently written by a friend of the deceased mutineer, and, it would seem, one also, who had had access to the account forwarded to Washington by Captain Mackenzie. We are ready to bear testimony to the efficiency of Secretary Upshur, and we believe that his administration of the affairs of his department is universally and justly approved. While, therefore, he authorizes a statement that he has not received a "full account," and that he has taken no official steps, and expressed no opinion, we must acknowledge our surprise that documents on which no official action has been taken, should become the base of newspaper communications. Certainly Judge Upshur could not have been a party to such a matter.

From an analysis of the papers received from Capt. Mackenzie, the correspondent of the Madisonian says: that Midshipman Spencer was put in irons on the 26th of November, and the others on the day following; that on the 30th of November the opinion of the officers were given, without the form of a court, without the obligation of an oath, and upon ex parte testimony, the prisoners having had no opportunity to confront the witnesses, that they should be put to death; that no disorder appeared among the crew after the arrest, and before the execution; that on the first of December, when every thing and person on board the vessel were perfectly quiet, after four days of entire security, the three persons were, by the order of Mackenzie, hung at the yard-arm at mid-day; and that sometime between the first and the fifth of December the Somers arrived at St. Thomas. The writer denies that there is any evidence in the papers sent, that it was the intention of the mutineers to rise upon reaching St. Thomas. The allegation that no signs of disturbance occurred on board after the arrest, is probably based upon the same want of evidence in the official documents; but as the Madisonian admits that a full account had not been received at Washington, and speaks of those that had reached there by the contemptuous term of "such as they are," it is a little ingenuous to denounce Mr. Mackenzie for what those incomplete papers do not prove. The Madisonian says, also:

"The only account we have, given by Spencer himself, is, that *it was all a joke*. If it shall appear to have been a mere romance of a head[strong boy] [illegible] himself, it is true, in a dangerous [illegible] still devoid of such murderous designs [illegible] and if the execution of him and two [illegible] one of whom, at least, there is not y[et] [illegible] evidence) should prove to have been th[e] [illegible] simply free, or of a despotic temper, [illegible] necessary at the time to repress or p[revent] [illegible]—if all this can appear, it cannot be [illegible] laws will be vindicated."

A joke! What else could the ma[n] [illegible]

We feel deeply for the parent[s] [illegible] man, in their terrible affliction. [illegible] that the news was received in Wash[ington] [illegible] issued cards for a great party, to [illegible] Wednesday following. Under such [illegible] tion as this, he must be brutal [illegible] does not ache for them. But no [illegible] living should lead to false sympa[thy] [illegible] nor, on the other hand, should any [illegible] mitted to operate against the de[illegible] officers of the Somers. That w[illegible] to any such feelings, we may sta[te] [illegible] as has been stated, that Spencer [illegible] resign, made to Commodore M[illegible] home from the Potomac, he did [illegible] retary of the Navy, on the recom[mendation] [illegible] commanding officer, considering [illegible] cumstances of the offence, (inclu[illegible] warrant with a strong admoni[tion] [illegible] without the solicitation of any [illegible] age is stated in the Madisonian t[illegible]

To what we have published, [illegible] a few particulars derived from th[illegible] It will be seen that they are in [illegible] tion of what is set forth by the [illegible] Madisonian, and as that writer [illegible] on the "absence of proof," in th[illegible] received at Washington, we are [illegible] that investigation will establish [illegible] which are set forth in the follow[ing from the] New York American. If the [illegible] *joke*, we should have first heard [illegible] from New York, and not from W[ashington].

"A search having been made [illegible] pers, the most ample and con[clusive] [illegible] were found, and the detail[s] [illegible] record. A list of the men [illegible] his own handwriting, with the [illegible] doubt attached to the differen[t] [illegible] the [illegible] in which every ma[n] [illegible] duty assigned to him, was also [illegible] ment that each officer was to b[illegible] flag to be [illegible] against all the [illegible] were then exa[mined] under oath [illegible] cers, until in the [illegible] of all the [illegible] ion and conviction [illegible] imminent danger which threatened not on[ly] [illegible] on board, (for that was among the [illegible] of her gallant officers,) but how [illegible] quences might have been, [illegible] mutineers were successful in th[illegible]

For three days the prisoners [illegible] the Commander hoping to be [illegible] taking life. At last it became ev[ident] [illegible] was still brewing, and that althou[gh the] [illegible] ringleaders had deprived the rest [illegible] of any efficient head for the time, [illegible] no means over, and hence that a [illegible] absolutely necessary *to avoid a re*[*scue*] [illegible] the final execution and success of [illegible] crew were so disorderly and so litt[le] [illegible] that *every Officer on board* came to [illegible] sion, and urged upon their Command[er the] [illegible] execution of the prisoners. The men [illegible] the original plot testified in the strongest terms to the necessity of this course. Evidence was obtained that the matter was still in agitation, and that prisoner as he was, *Midshipman Spencer* was still, by signs or otherwise, in communication with his associates. Every thing indicated that the plot was on the point of consummation, and *without a disturbing* [illegible] among the officers and petty officers, it was at last determined that the three prisoners should be hung at the yard-arm of the vessel. This was communicated to Midshipman Spencer, and for a time he bore it without faltering; but at last his firmness gave way, and he made a full confession of his guilt, accompanied with an acknowledgment of the justice of his doom.

From his own confession it was ascertained that, while on board the John Adams, on the coast of Brazil, and subsequently when sent home, (having resigned rather than be tried by a Court Martial) on board the frigate Potomac, he had entertained in both vessels a determination to excite a mutiny for the purpose of turning pirate. The plan on board the Somers was originated and had made some progress before leaving the harbor of New York! The outbreak was to take place just after leaving St. Thomas, and everything had been arranged to bring about the result successfully. With the leader alive and *subject to a rescue*, and with a crew the great majority of whom were believed to be more or less implicated, how far it was impossible to tell, with proofs *recurring* every minute that the plot was in postponed, not destroyed, the men being disorderly, fractious and disobedient, it seemed the duty of Commander Mackenzie to hesitate no longer. With their leaders rescued, the game was their own again, and only the lives of all on board not implicated in the plot would have paid the forfeit of further delay, but many a fearful act of piracy and murder would in all probability have swelled the list of crime.

It became clear that there was no alternative, and accordingly when about three days off from St. Thomas, in the presence of the assembled crew, the sentence was put into execution.

It is said that Spencer asked to be permitted to fire the gun which was the signal for execution—but when the trying moment came, another was obliged to fire the gun.

The effect of the execution was instantaneous, and proved the correctness of the Commander's decision. From a state of almost open mutiny the crew were subdued to their former discipline, and everything went on without the least cause for alarm. The officers kept their watches completely armed, and on the arrival of the brig at New York, four of the crew (who were the only ones in irons) were immediately transferred to the North Carolina, and shortly after, nine more, making in all thirteen—of whom eleven were apprentices—were added to the number confined.

The New York American remarks "that it seems not without connection with the fact that a *confederate off the isle of Pines*, was referred to by the mutineers, to notice that a rumor was circulated some week or two ago here, of the shipwreck of the Somers. This may have been designed to account for the non-appearance in case the mutineers had been successful.

A writ of habeas corpus was procured in New York, on Monday, requiring Captain Gregory, of the U. S. ship North Carolina, forthwith to procure before the said Judge the person of George W. Warner, and show cause, if any, why he was detained on board the North Carolina. Captain Gregory promptly complied with the requisitions of the writ, produced young Warner before the Judge, and put in as an answer to the writ of habeas corpus, that George W. Warner as an intended apprentice to the government of the United States, under contract to serve in its navy, under its rules, regulations, &c., for a certain period of time, which had not yet expired. Judge Ulshoeffer decided that this was a sufficient answer to the writ, and dismissed the same, and Warner again returned on board the North Carolina with Captain Gregory.

A vessel of war has been despatched to the Isle of Pines, to seek the confederate vessel mentioned in Spencer's papers.

APPLE MOLASSES.

A Western paper contains a recipe for making molasses from cider, which is worth the attention of farmers who have a superabundance of apples. It is said to be superior to West India Molasses for pies, &c., and excellent for making beer in the summer. In cost, at the West, where apples are cheap, allowing four barrels and a half of cider to the barrel of molasses, it amounts only to five dollars. The recipe is thus given:

"I make little cider; my apples are worth more fed to my hogs than for cider; but I make a practice of selecting my sweet apples, those that furnish the richest, heaviest liquor, and make a cheese from them; using the cider thus obtained for making apple or quince preserves, boiling down to molasses, and keeping two or three barrels for drink or ultimate conversion into vinegar. When new from the press, and before fermentation commences, that which I intend for boiling is brought to the house, and boiled in brass, to the proper consistency; taking care not to burn it, as that gives the molasses a disagreeable flavor, and taking off all the scum that rises during the process. The quantity to be boiled, or the number of barrels required to make one of molasses, will depend greatly upon the kind of apple used, and the richness of the new liquor. Four or four and a half are generally sufficient; but when care is not used in making the selection of apples, five barrels may be necessary; but let it take more or less, enough must be used to make the molasses, when cold, as thick as the best West India. When boiled sufficiently, it should be turned into vessels to cool, and from them transferred to a new sweet barrel, put into a cool cellar, where it will keep without trouble and be ready at all times."

THE LICENTIOUS PRESS.

In a sermon recently preached in Boston from the text, "the enemy shall come like a flood,"—"the enemy" was described as the licentious press of this country. It was stated, that there were annually issued in New York, thirty millions printed sheets, most of them conveying to the public mind a loose morality and many of them open infidelity. This is a fearful statement; but with all our partiality for our own country, we are constrained to admit our belief that it contains more truth than hyperbole. The remedy is with the public.

National Observatory.—Lt. J. M. Gilliss, United States Navy, took passage in the Acadia, and goes out vested with full powers by the Secretary of the Navy, to purchase a complete set of instruments, for the National Observatory, now in course of erection at Washington. He has been charged by the Secretary to visit all the principal observatories in Europe, and to procure instruments from the most eminent makers.

[illegible] States Saturday Post.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

[illegible] paid in advance; $1,50 in ad-[illegible] masters [illegible] to frank their letters addressed to us. The word "free" of itself is not a frank. [illegible] will endorse their letters with their initials. [illegible] letters not be taken from the Post office [illegible] post paid. [illegible] discontinued only at the end of the current [illegible] and then only at the option of the [illegible] arrearages are due. Bank notes of solvent Banks received in pay-[illegible] are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, [illegible] which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for. [illegible] person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies. [illegible] always state the Post-office removed [illegible] as well as which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World of [illegible]:

C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, [is] our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by Moses Becker, Jos. R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, [illegible] and J. T. Dent.

HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama [illegible].

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and Western States and Florida, assisted by James K. [illegible], W. H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, and Henry [illegible].

WILLIAM PIERCE, collects for us in Pennsylvania, assisted by James Pierce.

SAMUEL STEVENSON, for Kentucky.

F. EATON is collecting for us in Missouri, [illegible] of Wisconsin and Iowa.

Notices of New Works.

CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS, by T. B. Macauley—No. IV.—Philada.: Carey & Hart.—This volume, a continuation of the series, [illegible] the public are so much indebted to Carey & Hart. It contains: Comic Dramatists of [illegible], The Late Lord Holland, Warren Hastings, and Frederic the Great, from the Edinburg [illegible]. Of these papers the first and second are [the] best known in this country. The first is a [illegible] work by Leigh Hunt, and has all the [illegible] of Macauley—the brilliant wit which [illegible] it touches, and the erudition which illustrates [every] topic upon which it is brought to bear. These articles have been every where read and ad[mired].

[illegible] volume seems to us chiefly valuable, for its [illegible] the just published "Lays of Ancient Rome." The preface to these Lays will give a new [illegible] to classic lore, brief as it is, and is marked by the usual habits of thought of the writer. The Lays [have] a sparkling freshness with which we did not [think] that the legends, half fable, half history, of antiquity could be invested; much as they have been hammered upon by pedants of all ages.

We are pleased to notice that Messrs. Carey & Hart announce also as preparing for publication, the Miscellanies of James Stephens, Esq., containing The Port Loyalists, Ignatius Loyola, Alison's French Evolution, &c. These reviews, have been widely mistaken for Macauley's—no small evidence of their excellence. We are also to have, complete and without abridgement, the far famed Notes of Christopher North. Verily these publishers deserve well of their country.

THE DESERTED BRIDE, AND OTHER POEMS.—By G. P. Morris. New York: Appleton & Company.—This, in point of illustration and general getting up, is, if we except one or two of the annuals, the most magnificent volume of the season, and when the price, (only two dollars) is also considered, we are truly amazed, at the luxury in the way of literature which we have here presented to us. There are in the volume some of the most delightful wood engravings, in illustration of passages in the text, that we have ever seen, and in this respect the volume rivals the illustrated Gray's Elegy, and other works which have been published across the water. Nor are the drawings all of one character, but the scenery and figures introduced, give play for all variety of conceit, pathetic, romantic and picturesque, still and placid, bizarre, grotesque, and humorous.

Of the verse thus attractively adorned, the public has already heard much criticism. Friends, though they may have in some instances over-rated the merit of Gen. Morris's productions, have not in their general opinion gone in advance of the verdict of the public. Some of the songs of Gen. Morris have never been excelled by any writer in this country; and in his poetry the delightful ease of the versification is more uniformly noticeable than in that of any other American writer. Splendidly as the book is executed, we consider the text, by its character, admirably fitted for illustration, and in its merit worthy of its dress.

EDUCATION. By H. J. Smith, A. M., Professor of Modern Languages in Pennsylvania College, and Professor of German Language and Literature in the Theological Seminary at Gettysburg, Penna. Family Library, No. 156. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Perkins & Purves.—This volume is divided into two parts, the first containing a history of Education, ancient and modern. It is based on the German of Schwarz, but is of course condensed and abridged so much, that the labor involved was even more than would be required to prepare an original treatise. Some departures from the original plan were also necessary, and many original observations are introduced. The second part of the work is devoted to a plan of culture and instruction, based on Christian principles, and designed to aid in the right education of youth, physically, intellectually, and morally.

We are glad to find by this issue that the Harpers' have resumed the publication of their excellent Library, and recovered from the interruption caused by the fire in their establishment.

HISTORY OF EUROPE from the commencement of the French Revolution in 1789, to the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1815. By Archibald Alison. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The style in which this work is produced is the serial, so much in vogue at the present day. The advantages of this method of publication do not need to be dwelt upon, as the patronage of the public to such enterprises has demonstrated how convenient and excellent the mode has been found. The work under notice, in the English edition, costs fifty dollars—the American reader will receive it for four. The typography and general appearance of the work is worthy of the reputation of the established house which issues it; and we commend its purchase to all heads of families who would make the family library valuable in essentials and important works. The numbers, as they appear in this city, may be had of Perkins & Purves, and of Burgess & Zieber.

THULE, a Poem by Dr. J. C. Palmer, of the U. S. Navy. New York: S. Colman. Philadelphia: Godey & McMichael.—The theme of this poem is found in the adventures of the United States Schooner, Flying Fish, one of the Exploring Squadron. The new name which the poet has conferred upon the little vessel, is derived from the classic Thule, a truly appropriate one in this instance, for the Flying Fish probably penetrated farther into the unknown latitudes than any other the voyage of which has been recorded. Besides the poem, we have in an appendage a well written prose account of her adventures.

The verse is sprightly—graphic in description, and strong and terse in the relation of incidents. The embellishments are twelve in number, beautifully executed engravings by A. T. Agate, illustrative of passages in the poem. It is altogether a gem of a book.

DAWNINGS OF GENIUS. By Anne Pratt, Author of Flowers and their Associations. New York: Appletons'. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.—With the motto that "Even the child may be known by his doings," we have here sketches of the early lives of Sir Humphrey Davy, Rev. George Crabbe, Baron Cuvier, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lindley Murray, Sir James McIntosh, and Adam Clarke. The volume is one of the Appletons' "Library for My Young Countrymen," and while what is known of the childhood and youth of the eminent men above mentioned is minutely given, sufficient is said of their after lives to give the young folks incentive to emulation. It is a very appropriate book for young people, and very interesting withal.

THE STORY BOOK.—By T. S. Arthur—Philadelphia: Godey & McMichael.—This is a collection in a small volume, of some of Mr. Arthur's capital stories, addressed to youth; and we heartily wish that it could be put into the hands of every minor in the land. That we take it, is saying enough, if our opinion is worth any thing, to induce parents to put it into their Christmas parcels.

SUSAN HOPLEY is the title of an exceedingly interesting story, now ready, in the cheap form, by Burgess & Zieber.

BURGESS' NOVELISTS' LIBRARY.—Under this title Burgess & Zieber have commenced the publication of a series of ten novels, the whole set to be sold at two dollars, single works at 25 cents each. The two first selections show excellent judgment, being Vivian Grey, by D'Israeli, and Romance and Reality, by Miss Landon. The third number of the Library is Venetia. From the same publishers we have also, the second number of Brande's Encyclopedia, the Spy, the Boston Miscellany for January, Tom Jones, Nicholas Nickleby, Ernest Maltravers, Kenilworth, No. 6 of the French Revolution, and Memoirs of the Queens of France.

PLEASANT MEMORIES OF PLEASANT LANDS—By Mrs. Sigourney—Boston: Munroe & Co—Philadelphia: Perkins & Purves.—This volume is tastefully got up for the holidays, and embellished with a view of Abbottsford, and a vignette of the Obelisk of Luxor, at Paris. It is made up of the "memories" of the gifted writer, of her European tour, gracefully written in verse and prose. Altogether it is a [illegible] acceptable work, and will command a prominence among the books of the season. And no[illegible] but it will be a pleasant companion for all.

SELF CULTURE.—By William Ellery Channing—Boston: [illegible]—With a brief Biographical [illegible] Perkins & James Munroe & Co.—Philadelphia [illegible] Purves.—A new and very ne[illegible] of Dr. Channing's Lecture on Self Culture, delivered a few winters since, before a Boston Lyceum. The Lecture was published just after [illegible] delivered; but beside the fact that the first [edit]ion is out of print, this is incomparably a [illegible] convenient one.

THE TRUE [illegible] FORTUNE, OR THE BEGGAR OF THE [illegible] ARTS—Boston: Munroe & Co.—Philadelphia: Perkins & Purves.—This is a very interesting tale, translated from the German of Hauff. The [incid]ents are out of the stereotype track of "true stories," and although we cannot entirely commend the writers taste in incidents, we are bound to believe his apology, that they are true.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK—January, 1843.—This number is embellished with three engravings, "Devotion" a beautiful mezzotint, The Blind Beggar, from Wilkie's painting, a plate of Birds, and a plate of Fashions. The contents of the number are entirely from the pens of ladies; and we have only room to say that the number makes a most excellent commencement of the New Year.

GEORGE ST. GEORGE JULIAN.—Colon has followed his four number edition of Harry Lorrequer, with one of "The Prince" the first number of which has been issued. One dollar, with the embellishments, is cheap enough.

JACK HINTON, THE GUARDSMAN—By Charles Lever—Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.—This is a cheap edition of an amusing work, to which our readers need no introduction. It is published in one volume, at fifty cents.

PHRENOLOGY.—Mr. Fowler has written a book on Phrenology, as applied to Marriage, which is for sale at Colon's; as are also The Journal, and other Phrenological works.

☞ From Drew & Scammell we have the "Lady's Wreath, Hunt's Merchants' Magazine, and the Cold Water Magazine," for December.

THE LADIES' MUSICAL LIBRARY, published by Godey & McMichael, commences the new year with a brilliant collection of music.

☞ Perkins & Purves have sent us Ernest Maltravers and the second part of Brande's Encyclopedia.

WORLDS DISPLAYED is the title of a neat little juvenile gift book, published by Griffith & Simon.

General News.

MORE DEFALCATION.—The Savannah papers contain the report of the Select Committee appointed to investigate the condition of the Central Bank. The Republican, speaking of the report, says:—"There is an acknowledged total deficit of assets to the enormous amount of $1,334,000. We observe that there are $363,218 of notes over due, and $728,132 in attorney's hands. In the language of the report, 'the Bank if now left to its own resources would be utterly insolvent.' The Committee carries out the actual value of the assets of the Bank, $1,408,449, against the pretended assets, $3,561,351, as furnished by the directors."

THE CASE OF MRS. STIBBS.—The Methodists of Cincinnati have expelled from the society five persons, who were engaged in and cognizant of the maltreatment of Mrs. Stibbs, the old woman who was so cruelly neglected by her relatives. The report of the Committee of the Church is officially published, and makes the horrible circumstances still more aggravated then at first report. Robert Richardson, Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. Crosby, Mrs. Walker and Samuel Stibbs are the names of the relatives.

A WOLF, IN SHEAP'S CLOTHING.—At a village in Bucks county, in this State, a gentleman by the name of Sheap was robbed of his clothing during the night, by a room companion—a pompous, self-important, dressy little fellow, calling himself Col. A. Wolf, who forced an undue share of civility upon him, during an hour or two's acquaintance. In the morning Wolfe was not to be found, but pursuit being made, he was soon overhauled, dressed entirely in Sheap's clothing.

WAKING UP.—A sale has lately been made of the pine timber, growing upon a lot of land of about 150 acres, in Waterford, Oxford county, Maine, for the sum of ten thousand five hundred dollars; and those who are familiar with the business say that the purchasers, at the present depressed prices for lumber, will make five thousand dollars by the purchase.

THE MARQUESAS.—A late arrival at Boston confirms the report that the French have taken possession of the Marquesas, or Washington Islands. They had landed two hundred men, and commenced building a fort. As these islands are to us chiefly valuable as stopping points for whalers, we cannot see that this change will make much difference.

GENERAL JOSE MARIE TORNELL, Minister of War and Marine of Mexico, has sent to the National Institute, at Washington, three boxes, containing minerals and beautiful crystallizations, from Guanajuato, as a proof of his profound gratitude for the honor it has conferred upon him, by placing him on the list of its corresponding members.

THAT BRIBE.—The Committee of Investigation upon the $1000 bribe to the Sheriff of New York to refrain from hanging Colt, has been unable to come to any satisfactory conclusion. The man who brought the letter to the Sheriff's house was wrapped in a great coat, and came in a cab, but neither can be identified.

SLEIGHING.—We learn from the Newburyport Herald, that Mr. Colman, of that town, has a large and elegant sleigh, which was built at a cost of five hundred dollars! It was built for the accommodation of New England Sleigh-Riding and Dancing Parties. It will pay for itself in one winter, probably.

MONROE EDWARDS.—An exchange paper says: "Monroe Edwards, who is at Sing-Sing, still endeavors to make the simple-minded people believe that he possesses great wealth." We do not comprehend what "simple-minded people" Edwards can reach, unless his keepers are thus designated.

☞ It is stated that the Governments of Central America, Chili, Bolivia, Peru, and New Grenada, have agreed to the assembling of a general Congress at Lima. If the deliberations of this Congress are conducted in the right spirit, and its decisions are respected, great good will follow.

CARRIER PIGEONS.—A carrier pigeon was recently despatched from Boston to Salem, and reached the latter place (fifteen miles) in the incredibly short space of an hour and a quarter. The Boston Post recommends that when next sent, the pigeon be despatched by the railroad cars.

THE DEBT OF GREAT BRITAIN, in silver, would load 296,250 wagons, allowing each to carry 2,000 pounds, and allowing each team 30 feet, would form a line over 1,700 miles in length. If reduced to cents, it would load 2,887,500 wagons, and form a line twice round the globe.

MORE LIBERAL.—A letter from Hamburg states that a proposition is about to be made to the Senate to authorise Jews to become purchasers of houses or land in all parts of that city. Hitherto, they have been allowed to make purchases only in particular streets.

☞ The New Orleans papers state that Jefferson College, in the parish of St. James, Louisiana, which was lately destroyed by fire, is now fully rebuilt, and open for the accommodation of students.

☞ The total number of vessels which have been entered at all the ports of the United States, during the year 1841, was 13,273. Of these 7725 were American, and 4538 foreign.

☞ The Presbyterian Church in Leight street, New York, has been purchased by a Baptist Congregation under the pastorship of the Rev. Mr. Everts.

FOREFATHER'S DAY.—The 22d, the anniversary of the landing of the Forefathers of New England, at Plymouth, was celebrated in New York by the New England Society, on Thursday. The General, is [illegible]

☞ Amos Kendall, the late P[illegible], on a judgment said to be on the limits at W[illegible] ment obtained by Stockton [illegible], to the British [illegible]

☞ Private letters [illegible] Sir Charles Bagot is Consul in New York, [illegible] fast recovering.

[illegible] head of cattle have died in [illegible]

☞ Eighty th[illegible] that has raged among them Egypt of an [illegible] the past year [illegible] of New Orleans have resumed

☞ The [illegible] specie [illegible]

Political Intelligence.

POSTAGE.—The Legislature of New Hampshire has passed a series of resolutions, one of which declares that the franking privilege should be abolished; and that postmasters, members of Congress, and officers of the Government, should not be allowed to transmit, at the public expense, any letters or other matter of a private character. Another of the resolutions declares that a reduction of the rates on letter postage is loudly called for; and that such a reduction would secure a more equal participation of the benefits which should be enjoyed by the community, and that it would probably increase the income of the Department.

OHIO.—On Tuesday, the 13th, the Ohio Legislature elected Wm. Allen an U. S. Senator for six years. Allen received 63 votes. Thomas Ewing received 44. Governor Shannon was inaugurated the same day, and delivered an inauguration address.

MORE RUMORS.—It is rumored in Washington, that Judge Porter, brother of the Governor of this State, is to be appointed Secretary of War, and the present incumbent of that office, Mr. Spencer, to be appointed Secretary of the Treasury.

☞ Mr. Huger has been elected to the United States Senate from South Carolina, in place of Mr. Calhoun. Of course the rumor that the Legislature would not accept the resignation of the latter gentleman is now proved unfounded.

MR. MCDUFFIE.—It is stated, on good authority, that Mr. McDuffie will not accept the election of the Legislature to the Senate, for the unexpired term of Mr. Preston; that he does not refuse for the next regular term.

☞ The Virginia House of Delegates have passed a resolution, 75 to 45, instructing the Senators in Congress to vote for refunding to Gen. Jackson, with interest, the fine of $1000 imposed upon him by Judge Hall.

GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA.—On Thursday, James McDowell, Esq., was chosen by the Legislature of Virginia, as Governor of that State. The vote stood for McDowell, 110, scattering, 50.

☞ The New Hampshire House of Representatives has resolved that they will not district the State for the choice of Representatives in Congress.

☞ It is rumored, says the Pittsburg Advertiser, that Judge Patton has been appointed Charge d'Affaires to Denmark.

Local Intelligence.

SOUTHWARK.—From the report of Archibald Cozzens, the superintendent of the district of Southwark, it appears that 261 new buildings have been put up in that district, since the first of January last. Twenty of the number were frames, built on lots not fronting upon the line of the street. Of the brick buildings, 197 were three stories high, 31 two stories high, 2 one story high, and 4 four stories high. Included in the number are four factories, and three churches, one Baptist and two Methodist. The number as reported last year, was 161, being an excess this year of one hundred buildings.

CLOTH CASES.—Seven cloth cases were decided in the United States District Court on Friday week. In all of which, the juries rendered verdicts in favor of the United States, against the whole, or a portion of the goods seized. There were one hundred and sixty-five pieces of cloths and cassimeres altogether, one hundred and fifty-one of which were condemned for fraudulent importation. There remains now but one more of this kind of cases to be determined.

MOYAMENSING.—Fifty-three permits for building new houses in the district of Moyamensing, have been taken out in the past year, but it is believed that nearly twice that number of houses have been erected. They are mostly three stories high. Included in the number is the Union Temperance Hall in Christian street near Eleventh.

PUBLIC EXAMINATION.—The semi-annual public examination of the scholars of the Central High School commenced on Wednesday last, and lasted three days. The progress of the scholars, as evinced by their readiness in answering questions not preconcerted, justified all that has been said in praise of the seminary.

LECTURES.—The Rev. T. H. Stockton intends to deliver the first of a series of Lectures on Sabbath (Christmas) evening. The subject will be "The Birth of Christ." We commend these lectures especially to the attention of the young men of the city. They will be the most eloquent discourses of the season.

SENTENCE OF ALEXANDER.—It was expected that this young man would be sentenced on Wednesday, for the death of Mr. Longee, but by arrangement of counsel, sentence was deferred until Saturday.

Notices of the Dead.

EBENEZER BELKNAP, a Revolutionary soldier, died in New York last week, aged 81 years. He was a native of Durham, in Connecticut, but had long been a resident of New York. He had received a classical education, was a zealous Republican of the Jeffersonian school, the principles of which he formerly supported with considerable ability with his pen, being a frequent contributor to the Argus, a paper published in New York, and also to the Aurora of Philadelphia.

DEATH OF MEMBERS OF CONGRESS.—Since the election of members of the present Congress, ten deaths have occurred among them. The deceased are, Samuel L. Southard, Senator from New Jersey, Richard W. Habersham, Representative from Georgia, W. S. Hastings, of Massachusetts, James W. Williams, of Maryland, Lewis Williams of North Carolina, and James Dimock, W. S. Ramsey, Joseph Lawrence, Charles Ogle, and Henry Black, of Pennsylvania.

DEATH OF MR. FRENCH.—The Boston papers announce, with sentiments of deep respect for his memory, the death of Arthur French, of that city. Mr. French was prominent for many years, in the discussion of political subjects in Boston, and was endeared to men of all parties by his estimable qualities.

SEVERE DISPENSATION.—Abraham A. Keyser, Esq., Editor of the Schenectady Reflector, in the short space of eleven days lost all his children, four in number, between the ages of three and eleven years, by that dreadful scourge scarlet fever.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Charles W. Karthaus, Esq., President of the Neptune Insurance Company of Baltimore, died very suddenly on last Thursday week. Mr. Karthaus has long ranked as a respectable and intelligent merchant.

DEATH OF BISHOP DUBOIS.—We learn by a slip from the office of the Freeman's Journal, that the death of the Rt. Rev. John Dubois, Bishop of New York, took place on Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock.

☞ The Southern Whig announces the death of Edward Paine, Esq., the oldest lawyer in Georgia.

Army & Navy.

☞ The U. S. ship of the line Delaware, Com. Morris, frigate Columbia, Captain Shubrick, and schr. Enterprise, Captain Wilson, were at Rio Janeiro, Oct. 29th. The Enterprise was to sail in two days for Buenos Ayres; the Delaware and Columbia would soon follow.

THE UNION.—A trial of the machinery of the new U. S. steamer Union was made at Washington a few days ago, and succeeded to admiration. It is thought that the "Union" will be ready for a trip down the river in about ten days. Then the Congressmen will take holiday.

☞ The U. S. brig Oregon, L. M. Powell, Lieut. Comd'g, arrived at Charleston on Thursday, from New York. The O. is on a surveying expedition.

DOINGS IN CONGRESS.

Mr. Benton's bill to repeal the Bankrupt Law, has, in the Senate been referred to the Committee on the Judiciary; and a resolution offered by the same gentleman asking the President of the United States for information in relation to the squadron designed under the secret treaty for the African coast, is under debate. Mr. Linn has introduced a bill into the Senate to remit General Jackson's fine, and it was made the special order of the day for Wednesday of this week.

On Friday and Saturday of last week the Senate did not sit; and on Monday last nothing was done in either House, beyond the usual testimonial of respect for the memory of Mr. Habersham, of Georgia. Among the memorials presented in the Senate, we notice one by Mr. Buchanan, of this State, numerously signed by persons in Philadelphia, engaged in the manufacture of hats, asking that furs may be admitted free of duty.

The House has been engaged upon the bill making appropriations for the civil and diplomatic expenses of the government, for the half calendar year, closing on the thirtieth of June 1843. This bill embraces only those annual items, which will be settled with least debate, leaving the debateable questions for a supplementary act. The only alteration we have noticed made by the Committee of the Whole, in the original bill, has been the reduction of the appropriation for the coast survey, from fifty to twenty thousand dollars.

Among the resolutions adopted by the House are: inquiring into the amount of fees, &c. of courts and clerks, under the Bankrupt Act; instructing the Committee on Revolutionary Claims, to consider the expediency of renewing the provisions of the act of July 7, 1838, in behalf of certain widows; and abolishing the refectories in the basement of the Capitol. The latter requires the concurrence of the Senate, before it becomes effectual.

A resolution was offered in the House on Thursday, making inquiry as to the circumstances attending the removal of Jonathan Roberts, collector of Philadelphia, but the House refused to suspend the rules to receive it—yeas 96, nays 91—not two-thirds.

The memorial of Washington Irving and others, relative to the international copy right law has been again referred to the Committee on the Judiciary, who are also instructed to consider the expediency of amending generally, the copy right law.

Bills have been introduced into the Senate, to regulate the value of foreign gold and currency in the United States, and to make compensation to pension agents.

In the House, an attempt was made on Tuesday to call upon the President of the United States for information relative to the Somers mutiny, but the House refused to suspend the rules. The principal part of the day was spent in debate on Mr. Everett's bill to repeal the Bankrupt Law. The previous question was at length moved by Mr. Pickens. He said it was evident a majority were for repeal; and, by raising collateral questions, they might be defeated, if the friends of the Bankrupt Law were sufficiently active. Without taking the question, a motion was made to adjourn, which prevailed—yeas 88, nays 75.

CORRECTION.—The charge of whitewashing the English churches, to hide the paintings, carved work, &c., is generally attributed to the Reformers in the days of Henry VIII., or Elizabeth. Many circumstances, however, says a late writer, show that most of the whitewashing was done during the great rebellion, and was not intended as a work of defacement, but to serve as a defence against Cromwell's Iconoclasts.

The Markets.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

	Price sold for.
165 shares Wilmington R. R.	7a7½
55 do. Union Bank, Tenn.	36
28 do. Far. & Mechanics Bank,	18¼a18½
25 do. Northern Bank, Ky.	59
20 do. Schuylkill Navi. Co.	24
20 do. Western Bank,	28¾a29
19 do. Southwark Ins. Co.	14
16 do. Mer. & Man. Bank, Pitts	35
11 do. Mechanics Bank,	11¼a11½
10 do. Kentucky Bank,	43
$4186 State 5's, 1854,	42½a43
$300 City 5's, 1866,	91½
$2000 Lehigh 6's, 1845,	24
$2000 Schuylkill Navigation, 5's 1845,	60
$3000 Tenn. 5's, 1870,	61½
$2000 Kentucky Bonds, 6's,	76½
$2000 State 6's, 1846,	46
$11 57-100 State 5's, 1843,	50½
$1000 Wilmington R. R. Loan, 6's, 1848,	57
$300 Lehigh 6's, 1848,	20½
$300 City 5's, 1862,	98
$600 U. States Bank Notes,	47½

New Counterfeits.

Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Philadelphia.—50's spurious. Vignette, "Hope." On right end a stag; and on left, a female standing with one foot on a ball. Does not resemble the true bills.

Greenwich Bank, New York.—5's, spurious. Vignette, female with child. On left end, a man in a sitting posture; and on right, a female. At the bottom, between the names of the officers, a locomotive. Not like the true bills.

Seventh Ward Bank, New York.—5's, same description as that of Greenwich Bank, above.

Citizens' Bank of Baltimore, Baltimore.—10's spurious. The true bills read the "Citizens' Bank of Baltimore;" the spurious, "The President, Directors & Co., of the Citizens Bank." The words "Baltimore" and "Maryland" darker than other portions of the bill.

Augusta Bank, Augusta, Me.—3's, letter A., January 1, 1842. Allen, Cashier, Smith, President. Paper thin. General appearance bad.

Washington Bank, Boston, Mass.—3's, Perkin's plate. They are so well executed as to deceive the best Judges.

Farmers' & Mechanics' Bank, Rochester, N. Y.—10's, altered from some broken Institution. The word "Rochester" is stamped on the face of the bill.

5's, headed "Safety Fund," by which they may be detected. All notes issued by the Bank are countersigned by the Register.

Chautauque County Bank, Jamestown, N. Y.—3's letter A., Jan. 1, 1841. Paper thick and inferior to the genuine. Signature of the President, Samuel Barrett, poorly done; and the words "on demand" after three dollars, left out entirely. No Engraver's name on the bill.

Northern Bank of Ky., Lexington, Ky.—10's, letter A. Vignette a rail road train. Engraving poor and light. These notes are ¼ inch shorter than the genuine.—Bick. Reporter.

Retail Prices in Market.

Beef, best, per lb.	8a10	Sauerkraut, qt.	5a 6
" middling,	4a 6	Indian Meal, ½ peck,	8a 9
" corned,	4a 7	Rye Flour, qr. cwt.	56a62½
Veal,	4a 7	Wheat " "	70a75
Mutton	3a 5	Buckwheat qr. cwt.	62a68
Pork, fresh per lb.	4a 8	Potatoes, ½ pk.	5a 6
" pickled,	6a 8	Eggs, per doz.	18a20
Hams, Jersey,	8a10	Walnuts qr. peck,	4a 5
Jersey Sausage, lb.	9a10	Parsnips, qr. peck,	3a 4
Jowls,	2a 3	Pickles, per 100,	25a31¼
Dried Beef,	9a10	Beets, bunch,	2a 3
Cheese, lb.	6a12	Carrots, bunch,	2a 3
Butter, lb.	15a20	Turnips, qr. peck,	3a 4
Lard, "	9a10	Onions, rope,	6a 8
Beef's Tongue,	31a56	Sand Peas, qt.	7a 8
Pigs, whole,	50a81¼	Radishes, bunch,	1a 2
Pigs' Feet, set,	10a15	Horseradish, root,	1a 2
Sheep Tongues, dz.	25a31	Hominy, quart,	8a 9
Blood Pudding,	6a 7	Beans, quart,	9a10
Fowls, pair,	31a50	Lima Beans, qt.	8a10
" " Live,	37a56	Rhubarb, bunch,	3a 4
Chickens, live,	25a44	Dried Cherries, qt.	6a 7
Do. dead,	25a44	Parsimons, qt.	3a 4
Turkeys,	50a81¼	Shellbarks, qt.	3a 4
Guinea Fowls, pair,	31a37½	Cellery, bunch,	3a 6
Pigeons, pair,	18a25	Cabbage, head,	2a 4
Ducks, pair,	44a62½	Green apples, ½ pk.	10a15
Geese, "	37a68	Dried do	15a18
Pheasants, "	37a50	Dried Pears qr. pk.	8a 9
Rabbits,	6a12½	Chesnuts qt.	10a12
Opossum,	15a40	Sweet Potatoes, ½ pk.	5a 6
Salmon, pickled, lb.	10a12½	Cranberries quart,	12a15
" fresh,	13a15	Honey lb.	12a15
" dry, lb.	18a18¾	Scrapple lb.	5a 6
Pickled Cod, "	4a 5	Oysters per 100,	20a40
Fresh do. "	5a 6	Terrapins half doz.	75a62½
Perch per string,	12a18¾	Pork in the hog,	$4a$4½
Rock per lb.	6a 8	Sous Cheese lb.	8a10
Quails,	10a12½	Venison lb.	12a14

The market wagons which lined the streets were well loaded with poultry and game, and contained also much other country produce. Having had occasion to pass among these wagons twice during the day, we noticed that prices during the after part of the day were from 15 to 20 per cent. higher than they were in the morning—a fact which buyers and sellers will not omit to observe. Turkeys which in the morning were sold at 62½ and 75 cents, readily brought 75 and a dollar in the afternoon. The same rise was observable in other articles, though probably not to so great an extent.—Public Ledger.

Cattle Markets.

Philadelphia, Dec. 17.—Beeves—524 offered, comprising 81 Ohio, sales from $3a$4 per 100 lbs. all sold; 95 Virginia, sales from $3a5,25, 26 left over; and 350 Pa. sales from $2.50a$5,50, 30 left over. 280 Cows and Calves, sales from $16a$23, extra $25a$30; Springers, $12a$14 each; dry Cows, $5a$9 each. 60 Hogs in market, sales from $1a1,50 per 100 lbs. all sold. 1370 Sheep in market, sales from $1,12½a$1,75 each, extra $2,25.

New York, Dec. 19.—At market, 530 head fresh Cattle; 32 from the South and West, 20 Cows and Calves, and 1000 Sheep and Lambs. Prices—Beef Cattle—Owing to the small number at market for the last fortnight are a little firmer, and must be quoted at $4a$6—all but 30 sold. Cows and Calves—All at market taken at 20a$35, but dull. Sheep and Lambs—900 taken at 1a$2.25 for Lambs, and 1,75 to $4 for Sheep. Hay and Straw—Same as last week—56a62 cts per cwt for loose.

Baltimore, Dec. 19.—Cattle—Beef Cattle—600 head offered; the sales were 450 head; prices paid show a change since this day week; we quote $1.50a1.75, net, as in quality.

Philadelphia Market.

Bark—No sales of Quercitron.

Coffee—Market dull and prices steady.

Cotton—By auction, 55 bales damaged Upland, sold on account of Underwriters, at 6a6½ cts. cash.

Flour and Meal—Holders generally ask $4.25 per bbl for Flour, but the demand and sales at this price are inconsiderable. A sale of good brand was made at $4.25; since several small sales at $4.19 per bbl for fair brands for export. In Rye Flour and Corn Meal there is no change.

Grain—Wheat is scarce and no sales of any extent have taken place. Corn—Wanted. Sales of Southern yellow flat at 43a44, and white at 41 cents per bushel. Oats—Sales at 23a22½ cts for Southern.

Provisions—Market quiet and prices steady.

Sugars—Market quiet; some new crop New Orleans have been landed.—North American.

Our Mail Receipts.

We are daily in the receipt of letters enclosing money with the request to return a receipt by mail. We do not send receipts in that way. Every dollar received by mail, for the Post, is acknowledged as below. Subscribers will please notice this.

Subscribers living in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and have their letters containing money franked, if the letter contains nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved us, if attention was generally paid to this matter.

Receipts for the U. S. S. Post from the 22d Nov. to the 14th Dec.

November 21, received from			
H. M. Richards	93 00	S. Casel	2 00
W. Snnerly	1 50	R. Wilson	2 00
Miss Ferguson	1 50	H. G. Simper	2 00
M. Safford	35 00	S. Clagett	2 00
S. R. Randall	2 00	M. Eaby	20 00
J. M. Sargent	2 00	J. Cochran	2 00
J. A. Farnham	2 00	W. J. Dubbs	2 00
R. G. Hill	2 00	P. Snyder	1 25
J. Budd	1 00	I. E. James, agt.	30 00
J. Keigwin	2 00	S. Heyman	5 00
November 23.			
S. Schoonover	2 00	M. C. Teel	1 00
G. R. Gray	35 20	S. D. Alvord	2 00
J. H. & F. H. Morrell	2 00	W. Duren	10 00
Dr. Tophagen	2 00	W. B. Kyle	2 00
H. Walker	1 00	M. A. Holland	2 00
L. A. Gay	4 75	W. M. Allen	5 00
M. McMeekin	14 00	J. J. Thompson	2 00
J. S. King	2 00	C. Hardy	2 00
G. S. Stanton	1 00	Mary Moran	2 00
J. G. Smith	1 00	J. Rose	2 00
November 24.			
J. Baker	2 00	J. M. Larew	2 00
T. P. Bard	5 00	S. Wallace	5 00
F. S. Young	2 00	G. M. Reed	2 00
W. M. Grant	2 00	J. R. Colvin	1 25
Dr. E. E. Bateman	2 00	L. Cochran	2 00
Eli Watkins	2 00	W. T. Dougherty	2 00
R. G. Humeston	2 00	A. Mode	2 00
W. F. Taylor	2 00	J. Rugan	2 00
W. McKinstry	6 00	S. Abell	16 50
B. Jones	2 00		
November 25.			
Briggs & Co.	17 58	S. S. Bonner	2 00
B. Featherly	2 00	S. Wilcox	1 00
Dr. A. Brewer	3 00	E. Wilder	1 00
A. G. Place	2 00	S. Wolcot	1 00
J. S. Wickersham	1 00	C. A. Van Allen	2 00
A. Flitcraft	3 00	G. M. Jenkins	1 00
M. Searle	2 00	F. Minters	2 00
A. Terry	2 00	J. C. Walker	1 50
Dr. J. H. Ware	5 00	J. Lochridge	1 50
L. Anderson	2 00	J. Thornbaugh	10 00
J. V. Reed	2 00	S. March	2 00
C. S. Wallis	11 50	Cadet E. Taylor	2 00
November 26			
R. M. McFarland	10 00	O. B. Freeman	10 00
J. Springer	2 00	F. W. Dewey	4 00
W. Berlin	5 00	S. Parry	1 00
G. W. Masser	2 00	Miss E. Vandever	2 00
S. Withrow	2 00	A. Johnson	4 00
O. B. Goodman	4 00	J. Kay, Jr.	2 00
H. A. Bush	1 00	A. W. Reed, Jr.	2 00
B. Rust	2 00	W. B. Chambers	1 00
S. R. Williams	5 00	W. Wilson	2 00
D. Yanger	2 00	J. R. Biddle	2 00
November 28.			
G. Miller	8 00	E. Brosh	2 00
W. Ogle	2 00	H. Blackman	2 00
Dr. Bond	2 00	J. Simonton	2 00
Ann Scurrah	4 00	T. H. Binkley	2 00
L. Smith	2 00	H. Barnes	2 00
Miss A. Coleman	2 00	A. Child	1 00
J. Swain	4 00	C. C. Towne	2 00
G. C. Baker	3 00	L. F. Hubbard	2 00
P. E. Demill	2 00	Rev. C. Speelman	2 00
E. A. Marons	2 00	J. Arnold	30 00
November 29.			
G. Kenyon	2 00	L. Hait	2 00
D. M. Mifford	1 00	J. T. Hildreth	2 00
J. C. Conkling	2 00	N. Russell	2 00
W. E. Simpson	2 00	C. L. Hempstead	2 00
P. Dudley	3 00	Z. Newcomb	2 00
N. R. & O. G. Merchant	2 00	E. Ware	2 00
E. O. Smith	2 00	J. B. Taylor	2 00
O. Jackson	2 00	Rev. M. Bournes	2 00
J. M. Higgins	2 00		
November 30.			
G. Kunkle	2 00	S. Johnson	2 00
J. Baker	2 00	J. F. Williams	2 00
S. Lewis	2 00	G. Hormer	2 00
J. M. Goodwyn	2 00	H. E. Merriman	20 00
S. Helvin	1 00	J. Harman	5 00
J. Ely	1 00	R. Tucker	2 00
R. C. Hurd	2 00	J. Tiller	3 00
December 1.			
P. N. Snodgrass	1 00	C. Cheetham	1 00
W. Schnee	2 00	D. Brown	2 00
J. Shearer	2 00	E. Merry	1 00
J. K. Bishop	2 00	T. Coates	1 25
W. Smith	2 00	M. Broyles & Co.	17 25
J. Stewart	2 00	C. Kimmey, Sr.	2 00
December 2.			
J. G. Henderson	10 00	B. Moore	2 00
R. Sloan	2 00	S. Reeves	2 00
T. Duffy	2 00	J. W. Reading	2 00
S. Ray	75 00	K. Eastborn	2 00
W. D. Haines	1 00	J. H. Denny	1 00
W. Trainer	22 00	E. C. Chesebrough	2 00
December 3.			
J. B. Carpenter	10 00	C. Elliott	1 00
E. Shober	5 00	H. W. Hubbard	1 50
J. Wood,	1 00	M. Smith	1 00
J. Donley	2 00	G. Brewer	2 00
J. Barron	2 00	N. S. Blairslee	2 00
J. Chapman	20 00	I. Gill	1 25
L. Lee	2 00	W. Worrell	2 00
J. Burlinghaine	6 00	W. Bunting	1 00
M. Burk	2 00	L. Shallcross	2 00
E. Pierce	2 00	B. Bugby	1 25
W. G. Tarbiel	1 00		
December 5.			
S. Engard	2 50	E. W. Barber	2 00
J. Scott	3 00	J. Easton	2 00
C. Chambers	5 00	W. W. Sherwood	1 00
P. Whiteman	2 00	E. Graham	1 00
D. Berkelbach	4 00	G. N. Keith	5 00
R. F. Martin	2 00	Rev. W. C. Kiel	2 00
J. S. Worman	1 31	A. Pardee	2 00
H. C. Wright	2 00	R. E. Fillmore	2 00
I. Myers	1 00	J. R. Sherwood	1 00
J. Reed	1 25	W. A. Docker	1 00
F. Wage	4 00	C. Kelly	2 00
T. W. Tompkins	5 00	J. F. Easton, agt.	28 00
J. A. Turner	2 00	G. Simms	2 00
December 6.			
J. Ashmore	2 00	S. Reed	5 00
J. Chatloe	2 00	J. Hamaker	2 00
G. Schroter	5 00	J. Heat	10 00
J. Dickson	4 00	N. D. Elliott	2 00
M. Wallace	2 00	D. Perry	2 00
A. Milner	2 00	C. Parker	2 00
W. P. Porter	2 00	W. Barr	2 00
R. N. Gillman	2 00	S. Brown	5 00
J. W. Bassett	5 00		
December 7.			
R. Scott	2 00	R. Handinand	1 00
W. Robinson	2 00	A. L. Williamson	2 00
D. Zeigler	2 00	J. W. Rawlins	2 00
A. Peters	8 00	Mrs. Bayley	2 00
December 8.			
A. Carter	2 00	W. Flowers	2 00
A. Tyler	2 00	G. Mason	1 50
H. G. Clark	2 00	J. B. Carr	2 00
D. Rife	2 00		
December 9.			
S. Parry	2 00	G. Nicholson	2 00
J. Marsh	5 00	J. Potts	2 00
R. Wright	2 00	N. Middleton	2 00
S. J. Proctor	2 00	Rev. T. Hood	2 00
W. H. Tarpley	6 00	T. W. Wright	1 25
M. G. Sage	4 00	H. V. Meigs	2 00
E. C. Britt	2 30	J. Tantum	2 00
T. N. Hosmer	1 00	J. Kelly	2 00
W. Robinson	4 00		
December 10.			
Mrs. Dr. Higbee	2 00	J. Y. Jones	2 00
S. Holliday	5 00	J. P. Bard	5 00
G. Wright	2 00	A. McElroy	2 00
W. K. Payne	10 00	D. P. Hillhouse	2 00
J. Bristow	2 00	J. Culbert	2 00
W. Homan	2 00	J. W. Mish	2 00
R. Green	2 00	M. A. Walmsley	2 00
J. Sewell	2 00	A. McLean	2 00
W. De Pew	5 00	D. Reynolds	2 00
C. H. Jodd	2 00	F. Uber	1 00
A. Benton	1 00	J. Murray	4 00
M. Gravatt	2 00		
December 12.			
W. Wooley	7 80	F. A. Hill	4 00
R. W. Robins	2 00	J. Rutledge	5 00
J. Howard	2 00	R. Perrot	2 00
F. Seckel	2 00	J. Dobb	1 00
A. W. Tomkins	3 00	G. Hendlock	1 00
Ann W. Smith	2 00	J. Blossom,	3 00
C. P. Scull	2 00	E. L. Jacobus	10 00
H. Kates	2 00	P. Smith	2 00
J. Hacker	2 00	W. A. Albie	1 00
J. Sweeten	2 00	L. J. Roberts	2 00
W. Gilchrist	2 00	W. Seeley	2 00
A. Sherrod	2 00	H. H. Balding	1 00
J. Rodgers	2 00	J. Chart	2 00
J. Dukeminer	5 00		
December 13.			
F. Kaufman	2 00	W. H. Grimes	2 00
J. Rockafellar	2 00	A. Wright	2 00
I. Hoffer	5 00	C. Maples	5 00
R. Spear	2 00	W. B. Thompson	2 00
A. P. Wightman	10 00	Mrs. S. Banning	1 00
J. John	5 00	Mrs. D. Goodwin	2 00
S. Wright	2 00	A. N. Bourdon	10 00
G. G. Stappe	2 00	Miss R. Shober	2 00
C. H. Goold	2 00	J. French	2 00
A. Dunn	10 00	Mrs. M. S. Campbell	2 00
S. A. Woods	4 00	S. B. Williams	5 00
December 14.			
J. Haines	2 00	W. Weightman	2 00
D. H. Houston	1 00	N. S. Douglass	3 00
W. Evans	2 00	D. Schofield	2 00
J. Thomas	1 00	E. H. Spencer	2 00
G. Massey	2 00	Dr. B. Cutter	4 00
W. Kohl	2 00	W. Bonnell	2 00

CHRISTMAS CHEER.—During this season of festivity and joy, when we are all, more or less, prone to indulge in the good things of this life, and not unfrequently to excess; let us not forget that the pleasures of the table, when enjoying beyond the bounds of moderation, are always at the expense of health.

To those, however, who are inadvertantly led into excess, either in eating or drinking, and who, in consequence, suffer from headache, sick stomach, loss of appetite, lowness of spirits, indigestion, and many other complaints, the certain penalty for over indulgence, we earnestly invite a trial of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, of the North American College of Health. This extraordinary medicine is certain to remove all complaints which arise from irregularity of diet; because they cleanse the body from those billious and corrupt humours which are the cause, not only of the above distressing symptoms, but of every malady incident to man.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, also aid and improve digestion, and therefore give health and vigor to the whole frame, as well as drive every description of pain from the body.

Beware of travelling impostors. Country Agents and Storekeepers are respectfully informed, that medicine purporting to be Indian Vegetable Pills, sold by one V. O. Falck, and his partner David Parker, are not the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, and that neither of the above individuals have any authority for selling the genuine medicine.

It should be remembered that all authorised travelling agents are provided with a certificate of agency, signed by William Wright, Vice President of the North American College of Heath. Consequently, travellers who offer Indian Pills for sale, and cannot show a certificate of agency as above described, will be known as impostors.

Offices devoted exclusively to the sale of the medicine, wholesale and retail, number 169, RACE STREET, PHILADA., No. 288, Greenwich Street, New York, and No. 198, Tremont Street, Boston.

N.B.—Be particular to ask for the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, and beware of the travelling impostors.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.—The discovery of the art of printing, in the fifteenth century, has done more to ameliorate and improve the mental condition of man than any other event since the introduction of the Christian era. From that period until the present time, the press has exerted a powerful and controlling influence over the destinies of man. As the press over the mental, so does Sands' Sarsaparilla over the physical manifest its great healing and restorative powers in dispelling diseases and giving strength and vigor to the debilitated frame, by removing unhealthy action and establishing in its place a flow throughout the whole circulatory system. Hence diseases arising from an impure state of the blood, such as Salt Rheum, Scrofula or King's Evil, Eczema, Ringworm, or Tetter, Scald Head, &c., are effectually cured by its use. Affection of the Mucous Membranes, such as Chronic Catarrh spreading through the usual passages into the bronchial membrance of the throat, also Rheumatism, Lumbago, White Swelling and Hip Disease, will be removed by this invaluable medicine.

Prepared and sold at wholesale and retail, and for exportation, by A. B. Sands & Co., No. 273 Broadway, N. Y. Sold in Philadelphia by S. P. Thompson, corner 5th and Spruce sts; by Dr. D. Jayne, 20 South 3d st., and by F. Klett & Co., corner 3d and Callowhill sts. Price, $1 per bottle.

ALMANAC.

Dec. 1842.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
24 Saturday,	7 25	4 35	7 50	
25 Sunday,	7 25	4 35	8 39	D. H. M.
26 Monday,	7 25	4 35	9 30	
27 Tuesday,	7 23	4 35	10 22	New 1 11 24
28 Wednes.	7 25	4 35	11 16	First 9 5 31
29 Thursday,	7 25	4 36	12 13	Full 17 1 49
30 Friday,	7 21	4 36	1 12	L'st 24 11 44
31 Saturday,	7 24	4 36	1 45	New 31 1 38

Married.

On the 14th inst. by Friends' ceremony, before witnesses, at the house of Richard Ware, S. BALDWIN CHAPMAN, of N. York, to VIRGINIA WARE, daughter of Richard Ware, of Philadelphia.

On the 18th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Coleman, Captain PHINEAS E. ELDRIDGE, of N. York, to Miss SUSAN DEWEES, of Philadelphia.

On the 15th inst. by Elder Frederick Plummer, Mr. JONATHAN BONSALL, to Miss ELIZABETH B. FLOUNDERS.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Charles W. Gardner, Mr. ELIJAH J. DAVIS, to Miss ANN P. MASON, all of this city.

On the 14th inst. in the presence of Moses Reed, Esq. of Upper Darby, Del. county, with Friends' ceremony, JOHN R. FOULKE, of Kingsessing, to JULIANN, daughter of the late John Webster, of Blockley, both of Philadelphia county.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. John Chambers, the Hon. JOHN M. WHITE, Justice of the Supreme Court of N. J. to JULIA A. DAWSON, both of Woodbury, N. J.

At Norfolk, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hendron, JOSEPH PARKER, of the U. S. Navy, to Miss FRANCES STOAKES, of Norfolk.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Isaac Leeser, JULIUS JACOB, to Miss FAMELIA W. daughter of Mayer Arnold, all of this city.

At Washington, on the 13th inst. by the Rev. S. G. Bullfinch, MAXWELL WOODHULL, U.S.Navy, to ELLEN FRANCIS, daughter of Moses Poor, Esq. of this city.

At Tudor Place, Heights of Georgetown, D. C. 8th inst. Capt. BEVERLY KENNON, U. S. Navy, to BRITTANNIA WELLINGTON, daughter of the late Thos. Peter.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. John A. Clark, JOSEPH TIERS, to HANNAH C. TWELLS, daughter of the late Edward Twells, Esq.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. A. Atwood, HENRY FITE, to ELIZA HAYS, both of Spring Garden.

By the Rev. George Chandler, on the 12th inst. Mr. WM. CUMMINS, to Miss MARGARET MYERS.

In April last, at Philadelphia, BENJ. T. BIDDEN, Esq. to ELIZABETH ANNA, widow of the late Peter McVicar, Professor at Hampden and Sydney College, Va.

Died.

On the 12th inst. Mrs. MARY POLLOCK, in the 67th year of her age.

On the 20th inst. ELIZA J. MARTIN, aged 5 months.

On the 19th inst. Mr. JOHN MOORE, in the 39th year of his age.

On the 13th inst. RICHARD THOMAS, Sr. in the 60th year of his age.

On the 19th inst. in the 3d year of his age, SAMUEL R. son of Samuel R. and Susan Wanamaker.

On the 20th inst. of consumption, Miss HANNAH BALLINGER, in the 30th year of her age.

On the 20th inst. Mrs. SUSANNA CARNES, wife of Jno. Carnes, in the 30th year of her age.

On the 17th inst. Mrs. RACHEL SCHNEIDER, widow of the late Casper Schneider, in the 77th year of her age.

On the 20th inst. of scarlet fever, ALLEN, son of Allen Robinet, in the 4th of his age.

On the 20th inst. Mr. WM. WALKER, in the 60th year of his age.

On the 19th instant, after a short but severe illness, ABIGAIL STOCKTON, in the 63d year of her age.

On the 19th inst. in N. Y., FISHER A. TAGGARD, aged 25 years. Deputy Surveyor of that port.

On the 18th inst. after a short but severe illness, Mr. JOSEPH MAULLIN, in the 37th year of his age.

On the 19th inst. in the 63d year of his age, MARLON HALE.

On the 19th inst. at the Widow's Asylum, Miss ANN O'HARA, in the 77th year of her age.

On the 18th instant, in the 16th year of his age, WM. DERR, son of Chas. P. and Eliza Mulliken.

On the 19th inst. after a short illness, HENRY C. T. son of John K. Hammett, in the 7th year of his age.

On the 19th inst. Mr. EDWARD HERBERT, Printer, a native of England.

On the 13th inst of convulsions, JOSEPH R. GOSSNER, aged 3 years and 5 days. Also, on the 18th inst. ALBERT H. GOSSNER, aged 15 months, only children of Jos. and Sarah Ann Gossner.

On the 18th inst. MARY NULL, of the N. Liberties, aged 82 years.

On the 17th inst. DAVID SLOAN, aged 36 years.

On the 19th inst. CHARLES E. PARRY, son of Thomas F. and Mary Parry, aged 3 years.

On the 17th inst. ANGELICA D. KUHN, daughter of John and Mary Kuhn, in the 8th year of her age.

On the 16th inst. EDGAR, son of John and Mary Dallam, in the 20th year of his age.

On the 17th inst. Mr. DANIEL COOK, aged 49 years.

On the 17th inst. MARY, wife of John M. Johnson.

On the 17th inst. after a lingering illness, REBECCA BOWEN.

On the 16th inst. MICHAEL LOWERY, in the 44th year of his age.

On the 17th inst. in his 90th year, Col. PAUL J. DEVERNOIS, a native of France, and long a resident of St. Domingo.

On the 16th inst. in the 37th year of her age, ELIZABETH GRIEAVES.

On the 16th inst. after a lingering illness, JANE, wife of Abraham Graham, in the 38th year of her age.

On the 16th inst. after a short but severe illness, ELIZABETH ANN, wife of Wm. F. Melsh, in her 24th year.

On the 16th inst. Mrs. CATHARINE HIGGINS, aged 32 years.

On the 16th inst. Mrs. CATHARINE FAULKNER, aged 95 years.

On the 16th inst. ESTELLE HOLMES, infant daughter of Geo. L. Ashmead, aged 6 months.

On the 16th inst. JOHN DANKWORTH, Sr. in the 75th year of his age.

On the 16th inst. of scarlet fever SIMEON, infant son of Isaac and Amanda Ford, aged 13 months and 8 days.

On the 16th inst. MARY A. relict of Robert Clinton, formerly of the Isle of Barbadoes, aged 83 years.

On the 15th inst. HENRY MCCARAHER.

HEALTH OFFICE, DECEMBER 17, 1842.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington, From the 10th to the 17th of December.

DISEASES.	Adults	Children	DISEASES.	Adults	Children
Anemia,	1	0	Brought over,	26	29
Angina Pectoris,	1	0	—Typhoid,	1	2
Apoplexy,	2	0	Inflammation of the Brain,	0	2
Asphyxia,	0	1	—Bronchi,	0	5
Burns,	0	1	—Lungs,	3	4
Cancer of Throat,	1	0	—Stomach,	0	1
Croup,	0	7	—Stomach and Bowels,	2	0
Congestion of Brain,	1	0	Inflammation of the Bowels,	1	0
Consumption of the Lungs,	13	1	—Breast,	0	1
Convulsions,	1	4	Intemperance,	0	1
Diarrhœa,	0	1	Old Age,	3	0
Dropsy, Head,	0	4	Palsy,	1	0
—Breast,	1	1	Purpura,	0	1
Disease of Heart,	1	1	Small Pox,	1	4
—Lungs,	1	0	Still Born,	0	6
Epilepsy,	1	0	Suicide,	1	0
Fever, Bilious,	0	1	Ulcers,	1	1
—Inflammatory,	1	0	Unknown,	1	2
—Puerperal,	1	0	Whooping Cough,	0	1
—Remittent,	0	1			
—Scarlet,	0	5			
—Typhus,	0	1			
Carried over,	26	29	Total, [illegible]—	45	60

Of the above there were 6 from the almshouse, and 13 people of color, which are included in the total amount.
By order of the Board of Health.
SAMUEL P. MARES, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Dec. 11,	33	34	34
12,	36	37	37
13,	30	35	35
14,	30	[illegible]	35
15,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
16,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
17,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST, BY E. W. CLARK & CO. BROKERS, No. 30 South Third Street. Philadelphia, December 24th, 1842.

MAINE.		Carlisle,	8 dis
Calais bank,	10	Columbia Bridge,	1½ dis
Agricultural bank,	-	Northumberland,	7½ dis
City bk. Portland,	-	Miners bk at Potts.	9 dis
Damariscotta,	-	Wy'g bk Wilk'sbarre,	17 dis
Mercantile bank,	-	Pitts. demand notes,	1½ dis
Stillwater canal bk.	-	" Certificates,	1½ dis
Bangor Com. bank	-	" Post notes,	1½ dis
Westbrook bank,	-	Towanda,	-
Citizens bank,	-	York,	8 dis
Globe bank,	-	Gettysburg,	8 dis
Washington co.	-	Chambersburg,	8 dis
Frankford bank,	-	Waynesburg p. notes,	11 dis
All solvent banks	½a¾	" demand notes,	11 dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		Brownsville p. notes,	4 dis
All solvent banks	½a¾	" demand notes,	4 dis
VERMONT.		Erie,	8 dis
Bank of St. Albans,	5	Berks county bank,	60 dis
Bk. of Bennington,	20 dis	Honesdale,	1½ dis
All solvent banks	½a¾	Bk Susquehanna co	10 dis
MASSACHUSETTS.		Lewistown,	10 dis
All solvent banks	½a¾	Lum. "th Warren,	no sale
RHODE ISLAND.		West Branch bank,	55 dis
All solvent banks	½a¾	MARYLAND.	
NEW YORK.		Baltimore banks,	½ dis
New York City,	½ dis	Patapsco banks,	2 dis
Tenth Ward bank,	fraud	Mineral bank,	2 dis
North River Bank'g Co.	do	Fredericktown,	2 dis
City Trust & Bank'g Co.	do	Hagerstown,	2 dis
Globe Bank,	do	Westminster,	2 dis
Wool Growers bank,	failed	Williamsport,	3 dis
Millers bk of Clyde	25	Cumberland,	7 dis
Far bk. Seneca co.	30	Salisbury,	7½ dis
Com bk. New York	2½	Franklin bank,	50 dis
Lafayette bank,	-	Susquehanna,	broke
N. Y. Bkg. Co.	-	Millington,	broke
Dry Dock bank,	1	Frederick County bk,	2 dis
N. Am. Trust Co.	-	Broken bks.	various prices
Bk. Buffalo,	10	Balt. Ohio R.R. notes,	40 dis
Lewis Co	50	DELAWARE.	
Com bk. Buffalo,	50	Bank of Delaware,	par
All solvent banks,	¾a1	Wilmington and Bran.	par
Country banks,	1 dis	Farmer's bk Delaware,	par
Except bk of Columbia, Green Co. Hudson, Middle Districts, Platsburg, Niagara, Wash. and Warren, Wash. Man. Co.	Broken	Union bank,	par
Wayne County bank,	-	Bank of Smyrna,	par
Mer. & Planters,	-	DIS. OF COLUMBIA.	
Delaware Co. bank,	fraud	Washington City,	½ dis
Ex. bk Po'keepsie,	do	Georgetown,	½ dis
Portadam Manufac. Co.	do	Far. & Mechanics,	½ dis
Red Hooks,	3 dis	Alexandria,	½ dis
NEW JERSEY.		Bank of Alexandria,	broke
Mechanics' and Manufacturers bk at Trenton,	par	Mechanics bank,	broke
Princeton bank,	par	Franklin bank,	no sale
State bank at Camden,	par	Merchant's bank,	do
Cumberland bank,	par	VIRGINIA.	
Mount Holly,	par	Bk of Va & branches,	1½ dis
Salem Banking Co.	par	Farmer's bk & brchs,	1½ dis
N. Hope D. Bridge,	par	Valley bk & branch,	1½ dis
Tren. Banking Co. old	par	Ex. bk. & branches,	1½ dis
New plate,	par	Wheeling,	4 dis
All other banks,	par	Wheeling post notes,	4 dis
Farmers and Mechanics bk of N. Brunswick,	no sale	NORTH CAROLINA.	
Hobo. bking & G Co.	broke	All solvent banks,	3
Washington b'king Co.	do	Small notes,	3
Franklin bank,	do	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Jersey City bank,	do	All solvent banks	3
Monmouth,	do	Small notes	4
N. J. Manufac. Co.	do	GEORGIA.	
Protec. and Lombard,	do	Bank of St. Mary's	3
Salem & Phil. Man. Co.	do	Ocmulgee,	-
State bank at Trenton,	do	Monroe R. R.	-
Bank of N. Brunswick,	do	Columbus,	-
Mec. bk Patterson,	do	Phenix bk.	-
PENNSYLVANIA.		Exchange bk.	-
Philadelphia banks	par	Chat. R. R. bank,	-
Man. and Mec. bk.	7 dis	Central bk. of Mill.	-
Moyamensing bank	5 dis	Georgia R. R. Co.	-
Penn Township bank	par	Ruckserv. Bkg. Co.	-
U. S. Bank notes,	55 dis	All solvent banks	3a3
Girard do.	49 dis	ALABAMA.	
Penna. do.	13½ dis	All solvent banks	12 dis
Germantown,	par	Small notes,	13 dis
Del. co. at Chester,	par	OHIO.	
Chest'r co. at W. Chest'r	par	Cincinnati	4 dis
Montgomery county,	par	Bank notes,	4 dis
Farmers bk Bucks co.	par	ILLINOIS.	
Farmers bk Reading,	8 dis	Bank of Illinois,	65 dis
Easton,	par	State bank	65 dis
Northampton,	22½ dis	KENTUCKY.	
Lancaster bank,	1½ dis	Notes,	3½ dis
Far. bk Lancaster,	1½ dis	Small Notes,	5 dis
Lebanon,	7 dis	LOUISIANA.	
Harrisburg,	7 dis	All solvent banks	5
Middletown,	7½ dis	MISSOURI.	
		All solvent banks	2 dis
		INDIANA.	
		All solvent banks	4 dis
		FLORIDA.	
		S'ra Life & Tr. Co.	-
		CANADA.	
		Montreal	5

Exchange on New York,	¼ dis a ¼ prm.
" Boston,	¼ dis
" Baltimore,	par
Specie,	
Country Relief Notes,	11 dis
City Relief Notes,	13½ dis

CHRISTMAS AFTERNOON.

A CONCERT AND JUVENILE ENTERTAINMENT with a performance on the MUSICAL BELLS will be given at the CHINESE SALOON on Monday afternoon, Dec. 26th at 3 o'clock precisely, for the benefit of the Female Howard T. B. Society.

The large Saloon will be splendidly DECORATED and ILLUMINATED WITH VARIEGATED LAMPS for the occasion.

AN APPEAL. The Female Howard Society in making this appeal to the public beg leave to state that the weather was so inclement on the night of their last Concert, (the 20th Nov.) that their expenses considerably overran their receipts. The funds arising from this Concert will be appropriated to relieve the families of REFORMED INEBRIATES, and they make this appeal to a proverbially charitable public with the assurance that the funds will be applied only in relieving such objects as are deserving aid.

TICKETS PRICE 12½ Cents, may be had of THOS. WM. WEIGHT, 148 north Second street, BORT GAW, 80 south Second street, at the places mentioned in the small bills, at the Temperance Halls, and at the Museum.

Particulars in the Small Bills. dec 24 1t

PICTORIAL WORKS—AT REDUCED Prices—GEO. S. APPLETON—148 Chesnut street, offers at greatly reduced prices, the following illustrated works, suitable for Gifts at the approaching season.

Pictorial edition of the Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, the only complete American edition—with 300 illustrations, reduced from $2 50 to 1 75.

Pictorial edition of the Vicar of Wakefield, by Oliver Goldsmith, the handsomest of all the editions—Nearly 200 illustrations reduced from 1 75 to 1 25.

Pictorial edition of the Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, translated from the French—a very popular Life—illustrated by 500 spirited plates; 2 vols. elegant—Reduced from $5 00 to $4 00.

A Gift from Fairy Land, by J. K. Paulding, Esq.; elegantly illustrated by Chapman—Reduced from $2 50 to $1 50.

The Juvenile Naturalist, or Walks in the Country in Autumn, Winter, Spring and Summer; illustrated with many plates—3 vols. Either sold separately. Reduced from 75 cents each to 50 cents.

☞ The usual discount allowed the trade. dec 24

CHRISTMAS NIGHT.—REV. THOMAS H. STOCKTON will deliver the First of a Series of Lectures on the "HISTORY OF CHRIST" on Sunday evening next, 25th inst. at his Church, corner of Eleventh and Wood streets. Services will commence at 7 o'clock. 1t

DR. H. B. HIGBEE'S REMEDY FOR PULMONARY DISEASES.

The lamented death of the late H. B. Higbee, M. D., has imposed upon those who represent the interest of his family, the duty of presenting to the public his valuable preparation in medicine. It is well known that Dr. Higbee adopted this formula while suffering under a severe attack of disease, which in his own opinion and that of his medical friends, was confirmed CONSUMPTION. His prescription was completely efficacious in his own case, for although both before and after the attack just mentioned his constitution was delicate, he had no return of the pulmonary disease. In his practice he found his remedy most salutary and efficient, always affording more or less relief, and in many cases which he would otherwise have deemed beyond the reach of medicine, accomplishing a permanent cure. Yet he never intended to offer his preparation to the world as an infallible or a universal remedy, never as a specific, never as a panacea, but simply as the best prescription he knew of for a disease hitherto regarded as incurable.

As he in his lifetime conscientiously tendered it to the afflicted, so it is now presented. In some cases, of course nothing more than temporary relief can be expected, while in very many, the faithful use of it according to the instructions of Dr. Higbee will effect a cure.

The following extracts from letters of two gentlemen of high professional standing, may serve to show the light in which the preparation of Dr. Higbee is viewed by candid and intelligent members of the faculty.

[Extract of a Letter, etc.]

TRENTON, N. J. January 27, 1842.

"Dr. Coleman to Dr. Burrough:

"Dear Sir,—An intimate acquaintance with Dr. H. B. Higbee whilst he was practising medicine in the same neighborhood with myself has given me a good opportunity of speaking of his merits as a physician, and of the estimation in which he was held as a citizen. It was my opinion at that time that he was a better reasoner in his profession, and had more regard for the principles of medicine than the generality of physicians. His practice was extensive, and his skill never questioned by the intelligent. His gentle, manly and amiable deportment gained him many friends, and his removal from the neighborhood was much regretted. I was called to Dr. Higbee when he was suffering from a severe attack of Hemoptysis. His lungs were carefully examined, and judging from his past consumptive appearance and his condition at the time of my visits, I thought he could not recover. He, however, gradually gained health, and resumed his practice. His recovery was at that time mainly attributed to the medicine he has since offered for sale. He showed me the prescription, etc. etc. I afterwards used the same prescription in cases where it was indicated, and always without being dissatisfied with its effects—resorting to it as a physician would to a well proven remedy, expecting much from it in certain stages of disease, but certainly not looking for it to restore disorganized structure &c. &c. &c.

"Very respectfully, JAMES B. COLEMAN.

"To M. BURROUGH, M. D."

[Extract from Dr. Burrough's Letter in reply to the above.]

CAMDEN, N. J. February 1, 1842.

"Dear Sir.—Referring to that portion of your letter of the 28th ult. in which you speak of Dr. H. B. Higbee and of the character of his medicine—recommended in the treatment of pulmonary diseases—I fully appreciate his worth, and concur with you in the opinions expressed of his very valuable preparation. I have known the Dr. from his youth, and have long been honored with his confidence and friendship; and it was in the spirit of that friendship that about eighteen months ago he disclosed to me (unsolicited) the Composition of his Pulmonary Remedy, so extensively used throughout our country.

Since then opportunities have presented of testing the efficacy of the medicine in several well marked cases of disease, and when exhibited as recommended by its author, it has seldom failed in affording benefit to the patient, if not permanent relief. My experience and observation, therefore, in the use of the preparation of Dr. Higbee, enables me to regard the formula of great value in the treatment of pulmonary complaints, and worthy of public confidence.

M. BURROUGH.

To JAMES B. COLEMAN, M. D., Trenton, N. J.

This medicine will continue to be prepared according to the original prescription, which is now in the hands of the widow of Dr. Higbee. It will be put up and labelled as heretofore, each label bearing the signature of "E. Higbee," and will be accompanied by the printed instructions of Dr. Higbee, yet as in many instances the patient may find the advice of a physician desirable, Dr. Burrough very kindly allows himself to be consulted where personal application is made to him (not by letter) at his office No. 130 North SEVENTH street.

The office of the Agency for the sale of the Pulmonary Remedy, and other medicinal preparations of Dr. Higbee, is at No. 139 RACE (or Sassafras) street, opposite Crown st., in the city of Philadelphia. dec 17 3m

INFORMATION IS WANTED OF PATRICK McCOY, son of Neal McCoy, of county of Donegal, Parish of Kilmacrenan, town of Sharry, Ireland. Said Patrick came to Canada about eight years ago, and it is thought he since came to the State of New York. His two brothers who are now in Philadelphia are anxious to hear from him. Any information relative to him will be gladly received by letter or otherwise addressed to Neal McCoy, care of Chas. Lafferty, corner of Lombard and Schuylkill Second street, Philadelphia. dec 24 1t

☞ Other editors will please give one or two insertions.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR PRESENTS.—The subscriber respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public to his assortment of Books for Presents for the coming Holidays, among which will be found all the Annuals for 1843. A beautiful variety of Bibles and Prayer Books, and a large assortment of Miscellaneous Books in handsome binding suitable for children or adults, for sale at the lowest prices. JAMES R. SIMON, 5th street above Spruce, late Rodman's Bookstore. dec 10 4t

LAW NOTICE.—THE LEGAL BUSINESS of the subscribers in all the Courts—except the Criminal—will hereafter be transacted in the joint names of JOHNSON & GREEN.

Office, No. 44 SOUTH SIXTH street, opposite the Court House.

OVID F. JOHNSON,
ASHBEL GREEN, Jr.

A. G. Jr. has removed his Office, as New Jersey Commissioner, from No. 68 Walnut street, to the above. dec 10 1y

POSTSCRIPT.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE BRITANNIA.
FIFTEEN DAYS LATER.

The Britannia arrived at Boston on Wednesday afternoon about 3 o'clock, bringing intelligence from Liverpool to the 3rd inst. Her passage was boisterous.

The times are as hard in England as here, nor is there much prospect of improvement. The winter is setting in with great severity throughout Europe. The English man-of-war "The Formidable" of 90 guns has been wrecked near the mouth of the Llobregat. Another insane person has attempted to make his way into the Queen's apartments at Windsor Castle.

From China.

The Telegraphic Despatch at Malta, on the 24th ult., informs us that the Emperor of China has given adhesion to the treaty, but refuses to sign till His Majesty's is received. The refusal is based on the exigency of etiquette observed in China. However, the half of the first instalment agreed to by the treaty has been paid, and confided to the frigate Blonde, which was to sail immediately for England.

The British naval and military forces were still at Nankin.

The English fleet will winter at Chusan, where vast works are undertaking to make the island healthy.

By a former mail, bringing intelligence from China to the 1st of September and from Bombay to the 15th of October, we learn that Ghuznee and Cabul have been taken, and most of the British prisoners have been released from captivity. Akbhar Khan is a fugitive; his adherents have been routed, and the British flag waves again over the Bala Hissar, or the capital of Affghanistan. The details are as follows:

The proceedings of Gen. Nott appear to have been highly successful. Shumsoodeen, the Affghan Governor of Ghuznee, having attempted to annoy the British force on its march, was repulsed on the 23d of August, and totally routed on the 30th. The loss of the British amounted to thirty-six killed and sixty-eight wounded. On the 5th of Sept. Ghuznee was invested, and preparations were made to attack it on the following day, but during the night the enemy evacuated it. Gen. Nott immediately entered it, and having planted the British flag in the fortress, made his arrangements, and within four or five days the fortifications were destroyed, both of the city and of the citadel. A number of the 27th Bengal N. I. who had been prisoners since March last, were released.

General Pollock, who had on the 31 of September reached Gundamuck, 26 miles to the westward of Jellalabad, left that place on the 7th, and reached Soorkab, a distance of nearly ten miles. On the 13th, on approaching the Mazeen Pass, about 16,000 Affghans attempted to oppose the British from a position of great strength. That position was soon turned, and they were forced to retire. Again they sought to make resistance from another height, but they were equally unsuccessful. Their loss was considerable; twelve Ghilzee chiefs are said to have fallen, two guns, three standards and a quantity of ammunition and stores were taken by the British.

The loss of the latter was thirty-two killed and one hundred and thirty wounded. Among the former was Hyder Alee, the commander of the Jezailchees and Gells, and Lieutenants Norton and Montgomery. On the 14th, General Pollock advanced to Boodkah; on the 15th, he encamped on the race-ground of Cabul, and on the 16th, the British colors were placed on the Bala Hissar.

The Delhi Gazette, of Oct. 3, states that Mrs. Trevor, with eight children, and Captain Troup and Dr. Campbell, had come into the British camp; that Cabul was quiet, and supplies plentiful; that General Pollock had expectations to recover the remainder of the prisoners within eight or ten days, with the exception of Captain Bygrave, who was carried off by Akbhar Khan, and that Sir Richmond Shakespeare, with 700 Kuzilbashes, had proceeded to Bameean in search of the other prisoners.

The British troops have evacuated Quetta, and retired below the Bolan Pass.

In the interior of India tranquillity and contentment prevails, all dread of scarcity having been removed by the abundant rains of the Monsoon.

From Spain.

An insurrection had broken out in Barcelona, but been suppressed. All the other towns, which at first embraced the movement, have returned to their allegiance. The latest accounts from Madrid relative to the civil affairs of Spain, are of a rather contradictory character. It is evident enough that the Spanish government, in carrying out its favorite measures, meets with new difficulties at every step. The guerilla spirit still exists, especially in Catalonia.

Portugal.

Latest accounts from Lisbon represent the affairs of Portugal as still in a distracted state—the government bankrupt, and trade very much depressed.

Much uneasiness continued to exist at the palace, in consequence of secret information of an intention to rob it of the crown jewels; and the guards around it had been doubled in consequence.

There are not less than fifty persons confined at Coimbra for alleged offences against the government. Some of them have been in jail over four years, without being able to get a trial.

Russia.

There are symptoms of discontent in Russia, but it is difficult to judge how much they amount to. It appears that several officers belonging to the first corps of the army quartered at Moscow, and to the division of Orenburgh, have been arrested charged with a conspiracy to overturn the existing government. The conspiracy is said to have had extensive ramifications among different corps of the soldiery.

The Russian army along the line of the Pruth and Lower Danube had been greatly increased.

Syria.

The troubles of Syria appear to be as far from a settlement as ever. The inhabitants of Dechara had revolted and defeated 400 Turkish troops, who were entering the mountain from that side. Symptoms of revolt had also manifested themselves from other points. A caravan proceeding from Damascus to Beyrout, under an escort of Albanian soldiers, had been stopped and plundered by the Druses.

There was a report, at the last accounts from Beyrout, that a Catholic clergyman had been publicly hanged at Sidon, in consequence of the exasperation of the Turks against the Christians.

The Emir of Gaza, and several Sheiks, had refused to submit to the Turkish authority, and were wandering through the mountains, committing all kinds of robberies and other excesses.

Algiers.

The French appear to be pushing their operations against Abd-el Kadir with a good deal of energy, but with what prospect of ultimate success we are unable to say. The duke d' Aumale was preparing to attack the small town of Tunez, situated on the coast between Cherchel and Mostaganem, which, it was believed, would be vigorously defended by the inhabitants, aided by the neighboring tribes.

Fatal Duel in France.

A fatal duel was fought with swords on Monday last, at Grenoble, between a lieutenant and a sub-lieutenant of the Orleans Chasseurs, the result of a quarrel arising from cards. After a very few lunges the lieutenant was pierced through the body, in the region of the heart, by the sword of his adversary, but, before falling, he had sufficient strength and resolution to return the thrust, and wound the sub-lieutenant so severely, that he was carried to the hospital in a hopeless state. The lieutenant expired on the ground.

Items.

The troubles in Greece increase, and the people daily grow more dissatisfied with King Otho.

The number of bankrupts declared at Paris during the month of November, was greater than for any previous month during the last two years.

The wife of the British consul at Smyrna, having been insulted by a young Turk, an appeal was made to the authorities, and the affair caused a good deal of feeling between the Turks and Franks.

WATCHES.—A London correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce gives the following information, which may be of consequence to the public.

"Some discoveries for the more speedy manufacture of watches, have been, for some time past, occupying the attention of scientific and wealthy men, and have at last been taken up by the great West End firm of Howell & James, Regent street. Some gentleman has been devoting twenty years of his life to the invention, whereby he is now enabled, by a variety of machines, to construct an incredible number of watches, of every variety of size in a day! By one machine 300 perfect plates can be produced in one day—and by five machines, also centre, third and fourth wheels, crossed polished and cut—with balances for 300 movements. By another, 300 pinions are cut and rounded—another drill the holes, the tapping, screw-holes, &c., planting the depths and escapements. Four other machines will make pivots for 30 movements a day. 20 other machines for every description of work concerned with watchmaking make up the set. The best chronometer makers in London, after having inspected the whole of the machines, and seen them work, and carefully examined the products, have declared that every part produced by them is far superior to anything that has been, or can be, produced by other means at the present day."

Gems from the Poets.

WINTER EVENING, AT HOME.

BY MRS. SOUTHEY.

Fair moon! that at the chilly day's decline
Of sharp December, through my cottage pane
Dost lovely look, smiling, though in thy wane;
In thought, to scenes, serene and still as thine,
Wanders my heart, whilst I by turns survey
Thee slowly wheeling on thy evening way;
And this my fire, whose dim, unequal light,
Just glimmering, bids each shadowy image fall
Sombrous and strange upon the dark'ning wall,
Ere the clear tapers chase the deep'ning night!
Yet thy still orb, seen through the freezing haze,
Shines calm and clear without; and whilst I gaze,
I think—around me in this twilight room—
I but remark mortality's sad gloom;
Whilst hope, and joy, cloudless and soft appear
In the sweet beam that lights thy distant sphere!

From the Monthlies.

FROM THE LADY'S BOOK, FOR JANUARY.

THE YOUNG SOUTHERN WIDOW.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

—Ornament is but
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest."—*Merchant of Venice.*

"Was there ever such a hot day in June!"

"I do wonder if it can be as warm at home!"

"We shall all be melted into shadows!"

"I have never known anything like it, and I am the oldest frequenter present;—never!"

With these exclamations, and a dozen others, equally pointed and original, the visitors at the B—— Springs dispersed from the dinner table of the hotel, the young ladies to plan future flirtations, or to doze over the latest Magazines on their beds; the old ones to free themselves from the constraint imposed upon them by society, in the shape of tight dresses; the senior gentlemen to speculate upon the political state of the country, and on the affairs at home, as treated of in the contents of a newly arrived mail-bag; and their juniors to smoke cigars, drink ice-water, sleep, bathe, walk, hunt or fish, whichever of their multiplied privileges they chose to avail themselves of. All parties, however, were unanimous in one thing; to vary their different occupations by a general murmur, every ten minutes, against the weather. The only comfortable person about the house was the landlord, who, regarding every complaint as a promise of a new arrival to his long ranges of unfilled rooms, would have been satisfied to see the mercury rise 20° higher.

Besides a few children, who were lying and rolling about on the grass beds, left at perfect liberty, for once, by their drowsy nurses, to get their skins tanned and their clothes tumbled as much as they pleased, the exterior of the building exhibited not a form of animal life except those of two gentlemen, occupying a corner of a piazza, which, from being in shade nearly the whole of the day, was a retreat not a little desirable in an afternoon like the present. They were both ostensibly engaged in reading; the one lying on a settee on the outside of a parlor window, and the other leaning forward over a book from a sofa within.

"Of all the dull weeks I have ever spent at a watering place, this last has been immeasurably the dullest," remarked the outside lounger, whom we shall call Hazelhaugh, a man of twenty-eight or thirty, with a well made person of the middle height, a florid, animated countenance, bespeaking much boldness and decision of character, and an air indicating the man of the world and the gentleman. His companion, whom he addressed by the name of Reviere, was rather younger in appearance than himself, tall, and exceedingly graceful, and having features of the handsomest and most intellectual order, with an expression that gentlemen, through envy, perhaps, sometimes called effeminate; and ladies invariably, interesting, poetical, and exquisite.

"It makes me yawn to think what a set we have here," pursued the former; "half a dozen Misses with their heads full of beaux, and their hair plastered down their faces, till we can hardly see their eyes, and scarcely mental calibre enough to answer yes or no to your wisest or wittiest speeches; a few dozy mammas and prosy papas; those three college sophs, all agape, and full of Demosthenes and Cicero; three or four maiden aunts, and as many youngish married women, delicate and *fade*, with their little children—very interesting and praiseworthy, no doubt, in their own capacity, but beyond our appreciation; and you and myself; and two or three others like us, dying of *ennui*; was there ever anything like it!"

"As this is only the beginning of the season, matters may mend," replied Reviere, "though if they should not, I shall have reason to congratulate myself. I have foresworn watering places after this summer, and a few months of dulness, like this, will be the best thing to cure me of any desire for them."

"From what project is that, pray you?"

"I have decided to retire from the world, and go to farming."

"To mount hobnails and linsey-woolsey, eh?"

"Pshaw! I am serious, Hazelhaugh; I have long since been disgusted with the fooleries, the inanities of fashionable life, and am resolved to lead one more worthy of a rational being."

"What did you get that out of?" asked Hazelhaugh, reaching for his book to look at the title; "Pickwick,—no, not here!"

"So, against next year," continued Reviere, half laughing at the interruption, "I hope to have shady groves, bright streams and cool breezes of my own, without travelling to any Castle of Indolence to enjoy them. My patrimonial estate from which I have been so unwarrantably an absentee, will afford me those, with more than an abundance of the comforts of life, and my ready funds will supply me with all the luxuries and elegancies I desire. Then with books, a little quiet society, and an adjunct which I vainly hoped I might find here——"

"A wife!" interposed Hazelhaugh.

"Even so; you will have reason to envy the improvement of my condition. I would have gone this summer, but the last named requisition is indispensable."

"A bright thought, to come to a place like this for a wife to correspond with your plans! couldn't you have picked one up on the next farm?"

"A woman to correspond with my plans it is not so easy to pick up; one possessed of personal beauty, gentle and elegant manners, a cultivated though feminine mind, refined tastes, warm feelings and firm principles."

"A reasonable man! you did not say large fortune, though, I presume, that is included."

"No, if she bring me all the other requisites, I shall be content to furnish the fortune, in return."

"Quite in character, *mon chevalier sans reproche*; for my part, I am looking out for a wife, too, but to me fortune is a very material item."

"To you! why, with what you have, that is very rapacity!"

"Whatever you please, but it enters very largely into my calculations. My aim, as you know, is the top of the political ladder, and unless a man has plenty of money-bags to keep him steady, that is but a dizzy height; were my present portion doubled, I could begin the ascent with perfect ease and assurance. But from present appearances, my dear fellow, neither of us stands much chance of being gratified. Here comes our host,—let us hear what prospects he has for the future. Have you notice of any new guests, by the mail, Mr. S——?"

"I was just coming to tell you, gentlemen," replied the landlord, who in the ups and downs of our times, was now taking in, for money, many whom he had formerly entertained through good-fellowship; "quite an acquisition, as I conjecture. Here is a letter from a southern friend of mine, Col. Moultrie, who requests me to have rooms prepared for Mrs. and Miss Chilton, of Lothian Place, Alabama. Have you ever heard of them?"

"I have heard of a wealthy southern family of that name," said Hazelhaugh.

"And I," pursued Mr. S., "in my travels through the south, three or four years ago, was favored by the Colonel with a sight of Lothian Place. It is almost the only really lordly mansion, popular as the phrase is, that I have ever seen; an edifice not only large but substantial and elegant, with suites of rooms a nobleman might be proud to inhabit, surrounded by piazzas, with stone columns supporting delightful galleries, and offices indicating designs of the most extensive hospitality. And the plantations and grounds give evidence of increasing as well as existing wealth. They are of enormous extent, and all under the finest culture, and the most tasteful arrangement; altogether one of the most valuable properties in the state. But the best is yet to come. The owner is a widow,—the handsome Mrs. Chilton, the Colonel called her; and this, no doubt, is the lady, with a daughter, perhaps. A profitable investment, either of them, gentlemen."

"A mother and daughter!—rather awkward; they would be in each other's way," said Hazelhaugh.

"When do you expect them?" asked Reviere.

"The letter, which must have been detained on the road, says the last of June; this is the 30th, so, I suppose, we may look for them forthwith. Some baggage marked for them arrived by to-day's stage."

"Anything to stir us up a little," said Hazelhaugh.

Just then the roll of a carriage at some distance interrupted them, and on looking in the direction whence it proceeded, they saw it rapidly approaching.

"A coach and four!" exclaimed Hazelhaugh.

"A southern equipage, and that of the very best style," said the landlord; "four splendid horses, and three colored servants,—it is southern all over. And there are two ladies inside,—Mrs. and Miss Chilton, of course."

Sundry heads were, by this time, thrust out of the upper windows, attracted by the now interesting sound of an approaching vehicle, and the gentlemen emerged, one after another, from the different doors, to examine the arrival, as gentlemen will do on such occasions, to the infinite annoyance of lady travellers. The carriage stopped, and the footman sprang down and opened the door. A colored waiting-woman got out, and was followed by a lady, who merely touching the offered hand of Mr. S., stepped, with a light foot, to the ground.

"The daughter," said Hazelhaugh; but no; after her came another, still younger in appearance, and it was decided the first was the widow. This was confirmed by the composure with which she returned the scrutiny of the young men while the other drew down her veil, as they ran the gauntlet along the piazza, escorted by Mr. S.

"S—— is mistaken, they can't be mother and daughter," said Reviere.

"No, the elder one, the widow, as I take it, can't be more than twenty-five," returned Hazelhaugh; "a very pretty woman,—don't you think so? there was self-possession in her manner, a spirit, much to my mind, and altogether proper in a woman of fashion and fortune. It marks a consciousness of what she is entitled to, and a security of her own position in society."

"I admire the other more,—both her person and air," said Reviere. They were interrupted by some of their acquaintances joining them to talk of the arrival, [illegible] the landlord returned.

"I was right," said he, "it is the wealthy widow. The other seems to be only a sister-in-law. Her cousin, Miss Chilton, she introduced her."

"That accounts for her timid manner; an humble companion, I suppose,—some relation of her husband's," said Hazelhaugh.

"I don't know that I heard her speak at all," continued Mr. S——; "but the widow is a remarkably sprightly, handsome woman. You will see her at the tea-table, and then you can judge for yourselves. As she has no acquaintances here, I suppose I must take it upon me to introduce her myself. I hope I shall have your assistance, gentlemen, after I shall have made you acquainted with her."

"Not mine, if I like her; I shall keep her to myself," said Hazelhaugh; and shortly after they took their stand at the eating-room door, to await the entrance of the ladies.

"Here they come," said Reviere, at length, and the fair southerners were seen approaching, Mrs. Chilton in advance. She was of the medium height, rather fully proportioned, with a clear, healthy complexion, bright black eyes, white teeth, a pretty mouth, and a remarkably smooth forehead, rather low, and surrounded by a profusion of dark, glossy curls. Her dress was gay and becoming. Miss Chilton was a little taller, and more delicately made, with much of the languor in her face, which is generally held as an unfailing characteristic of the fair denizens of the south. Not much attention, however, was given to her, the spectators being chiefly occupied with the rich widow. Her dress was quite plain, and she took her seat as if satisfied to escape notice, a manner altogether proper, as it might have been remarked, in the poor relation.

By this time, the whole company present were aware of the coach and four, the two man-servants, and the waiting-maid, of Lothian Place, with its rows of marble columns, its pleasure grounds and its five or six hundred negroes, and no wonder the pretty widow was the observed of all observers. Every fold of her attire was noted by the ladies, and every ringlet, glance and smile by the gentlemen, and all were predisposed to be delighted with her. After tea Mr. S—— introduced her to one or two dowagers, and that was sufficient. In a few hours, nearly the whole of the little community had been presented to her, and such was her graciousness of manner, that, before retiring for the night, half the gentlemen made gallant speeches to her, and half the ladies had called her "my dear Mrs. Chilton."

According to the elegant axiom, "it never rains but it pours," the owner of the coach and four was not the only golden shower that enriched the establishment. The queen bee of a certain city alighted the next day, and was followed by a thick coming swarm, and all at once, the hive was filled.

"Who have you here?" was usually the first question of the new-comers, and the answer invariably began with "Mrs. Chilton, of Lothian Place, Alabama,—a rich young southern widow," and no stranger was presumed to be in good society who did not aspire to an introduction to Mrs. Chilton.

Mrs. Chilton was handed to the table by governors, senators, and secretaries; Mrs. Chilton was solicited to dance by all foreigners of distinction, and all the Beau Brummels of the different cities; Mrs. Chilton was consulted about all the jewels and flounces and coiffures on all particular occasions; Mrs. Chilton was besought to matronize all the young ladies; Mrs. Chilton was expected to criticise all the novels and magazines, and Mrs. Chilton enjoyed the pre-eminence extremely. She danced and dressed, and romped and flirted, and rode and read, and did all that was expected of her, which none but an indefatigable woman could have done, with the most hearty good humor. The most *outré* thing was allowable and becoming in *her*. Nobody dared to rival her, and she was so amiable that nobody thought of censuring her.

"She is nothing but a girl, after all," was a remark current among the matrons; "she made a runaway match at fifteen, and was a widow at sixteen, and therefore had little matrimonial experience to settle her; and considering her immense fortune, and the caressing and indulgence she must always have received, it is really surprising that she should be so accessible."

Thus passed a week or two, when, one evening, Reviere was accosted by Hazelhaugh with the question, "Will you join our party to-morrow? We have had nothing yet to vary the common watering-place amusements, and Mrs. Chilton and I have planned a pic-nic."

"Mrs. Chilton and you, eh?" returned Reviere, significantly; "I don't know, I had half made up my mind to go homeward, or to some other place to-morrow."

"You are disappointed, then, in your grand object, are you?"

"Totally, but you appear to be more successful, judging from your devotion to the fair widow."

"Oh, she engrosses everybody; however, I am really serious in my advances. I have not yet had an opportunity of popping the question, but to-morrow amidst the freedom and romance of a forest fête, I hope to get her ear."

"What, not already! I did not think you were so very—very——"

"Heartless, or reckless, or rapacious, or something of that sort you were going to say, weren't you? but indeed, you don't do me justice. Though I don't know that I would fancy her independent of her fortune, there is much about her that I like in addition to it. She is quite pretty, intelligent, and accomplished enough for the best places in society; her manner is good—animated, dashing—the very thing for the wife of an ambitious man; and then her good temper is imperturbable, except on points where placidity would be no virtue;—for instance in her protection of that quiet cousin. If she sees the slightest mark of inattention to her, she is aroused in a moment, and her constant waiting on and for her, kind 'Let me assist you, Juliet, dear,' and 'Come along cousin Juliet,' are very sweet and engaging."

"Well, well, I suppose it is all right," returned Reviere.

"But you won't go to-morrow? make up your mind to remain and join our party. You don't know but that you may have a chance to aid me by entertaining the crowd while I broach my suit."

Reviere consented, and his friend left him to engage others, and to make arrangements with Mr. S—— about furnishing the rations.

The next morning all the younger and a few of the senior guests assembled for their day's expedition. Mrs. Chilton appeared, habited in character, with a gipsy hat set jauntily over her curls,—a coarse palm-leaf *sombrero*, procured at a neighboring store; a gaudy, many-colored gingham handkerchief pinned smoothly over her bodice, and showing her shapely figure to much advantage, and the remainder of her costume disposed in accordance. Every one said, and some really thought that she looked prettier and more piquant than usual, and there was an expression of unaffected admiration in the countenance of Hazelhaugh, as he led off in the van.

The day was charming, the site selected for the course of operations appropriate and delightful,—a grassy glade on the bank of a beautiful stream, with tall trees throwing their shadows forward upon it; the refreshments were excellent,—rendered doubly so by the keen appetites to which they ministered, and the party were unanimous in saying that they had never engaged in a *fête champêtre* with so little to interrupt their enjoyment. The mid-day collation over, the exuberance of their hilarity had a little subsided, and they dispersed in different parties, to amuse themselves as their particular fancies might lead them, each gentleman regarding the lady he attended as more worthy of his soft nothings than he had ever deemed her in the crowded saloon, and each lady better disposed to receive them trustingly. Reviere alone had no one who particularly demanded his devoirs, and feeling no disposition to attach himself to any of the groups through a general courtesy, he sauntered up to the stream to where the woods grew too thick and sombre to be inviting to the others, who, in their gaiety, unconsciously preferred the sunny and airy glades below. There, when he supposed he was far enough aloof from observation, he was about to stretch himself along, like the melancholy Jaques, "under an oak, whose antique root peeps out upon the brook that brawls along that wood," when a voice from beyond a thicket of willows and alders, betrayed that he had neighbors in that direction.

Presuming that he had been noticed, he walked forward, and discovered that it was Mrs. Chilton's servant woman, who was saying "You'll ketch your death a cold, Miss Juliet, a sittin on this cold moss. Look'ee here, it must be wet under, for it sinks down like a cotton bag."

Miss Chilton was sitting near her, with a sketch-book on her knee. This lady he had been introduced to on her arrival, but had seen little of her since. She seldom joined in the gay amusements of her cousin, but spent her time, when she was visible, in little attentions to the invalids about the establishment, and in walking out attended by the servants. He had, however, heard several of the old gentlemen pronounce her an exceedingly sensible, discreet, amiable young person. She answered his bow gracefully as he approached, and, rising from the bank, remarked, with a smile, "I suppose, Mr. Reviere, you think I look very much like a romantic school-girl, sketching with all her might to look interesting."

He, of course, disclaimed the charge.

"I happened to stray hither," pursued the lady, "and was forcibly reminded by this gnarled and bent old willow, with its shadow in the water, of Shakspeare's expressive description—

'There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook
And shows its hoar leaves in the glassy stream,'

and it struck me as being the best scene for a representation of the death of Ophelia that I had ever met with. This mossy bank, from which it leans, is the very place for her to sit and weave her 'coronet weeds;' those high rocks opposite, and the gigantic trees [illegible] over the stream a little farther up, give a character of gloom that is finely appropriate, and the flashing of the water at some distance below, with the bright spots of sunshine on the grass, are a beautiful relief to the picture. Now, if you will find me some one, artist enough to complete the figure, so when—

'Her clothes spread out
And, mermaid-like, they bore her up awhile,'

I shall be much indebted to you. I have commenced it, but half fear to go on."

Reviere looked with a compliment at the sketch, which was one of remarkable boldness and fidelity, with the shadowy outline of the figure expressive though indistinct, and displaying a pencil of much practice and skill, and then he glanced at the owner. He was surprised that her appearance had never struck him before. Her figure and movements were almost faultless in symmetry and grace. Her eyes were of a dark blue, full, clear and animated, and owing their languid expression [illegible] the thick, long lashes which shaded them. Her profile was strikingly regular, her mouth marked with great refinement [illegible] expression, and her eyebrows straight and exactly defined; with a high broad forehead, added much dignity and intellect to the cast of her face. Her complexion called it admirably—

"Not pale but fair,
As rose-o'ershadowed lilies are;"

and was beautifully contrasted by her redundant locks of shining chestnut-brown. She gave her book and pencils to her attendant, who deposited them in a straw satchel, and, escorted by Reviere, turned towards the place of reunion.

"Are these all the flowers your woods produce at this season?" asked she, holding out a modest looking bouquet, as if to withdraw from her person the scrutiny of her companion, which was somewhat too protracted.

"These we should hardly call flowers; in common parlance they are weeds," he replied.

"Oh, that does not lessen their value with me; it is often the abundance of a plant alone that deprives it of that [illegible] title. I have seen flowers regarded as valuable ornaments of hot-houses in the north which, with us, are as much of weeds as those are considered here."

"Spring and autumn are our seasons for flowers," said Reviere; "the woods are then filled with the 'painted populace.' In May, and a little later, the ground is speckled with them; white, blue and yellow—like gentlemen generally, I never remember their names—and, besides, there are the luxuriant blossoms of the laurel, fragrant azaleas, and the magnificent flowers of the tulip tree. Then, in September we have them rich and bright enough to grace any conservatory, cardinal flowers, and—and—I believe I can't name any more."

"'And on the hill the golden rod,
And the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook;'

You see I can help you out," said the lady, laughing; "I have heard of them all, and should like much to remain awhile among the gloriously painted scenery of a northern autumn, with its soft sunshine and glowing flowers, such as I have heard is described."

While talking thus familiarly and sauntering slowly along, they heard the voice of Mrs. Chilton, from a little in advance, say laughing, but with some energy, "No more, I insist upon it! I'll not listen to another word just now. When I am ready to go home, perhaps I may hear what you have to say;" and she and Hazelhaugh emerged from the covert of a clump of trees. Reviere and his companion immediately joined them, and Hazelhaugh gave his friend a look which signified the subject of their conversation.

Others of the company now collected, and to the extreme surprise of the ladies, many of whom had in vain essayed an attack upon the desirable and fastidious Reviere, he followed in close attendance, during the remainder of the day, the wealthy widow's poor relation. For the first time of the season he had found something to interest him. The whole tone of her conversation and deportment marked the intellectual, though gentle and retiring woman, and he felt her acquaintance quite refreshing, after the sameness in thought and manners of those around her.

The festivities of the day were ended by a cotillion party, and judging from the zest with which the company chiefly entered into it, their energies had been rather stimulated than spent by their rural divertisements. Mrs. Chilton, as usual, was the gayest of the gay, and Hazelhaugh insisting that his duty expired only at the hour of dispersion, remained beside her, as her especial squire. Miss Chilton was not present, a circumstance unnoticed, perhaps, by any but Reviere, who looked around for her with some anxiety. He did not dance, and after loitering about the room for a hour, he made his exit. He was pacing the piazza alone, when he observed a female figure at the window of a parlor in one of the wings, and distinguishing the graceful outline of the head and neck against the light of the room, he knew it could be no other than that of his beautiful companion of the afternoon. He turned his steps thither, and found her in conversation with a lady who was lying beside her on a sofa, and who, at his approach to the window, arose and left the room.

"Have your greenwood exercises disabled you from the exertions of the ball-room, Miss Chilton?" he asked.

"By no means, but I believe I enjoy myself quite as much with the cool moonlight before me, as I should in a place so warm and crowded. And, besides, I command much of the poetry of the scene from here; the young ladies, in their tasteful costumes, flitting past the windows like fairies, and the exhilarating music softened and improved by the distance."

"You are not, then, a very ardent votaress of Terpsichore? indeed, I believe I have never observed you present at any of our grand galas."

"No, I have seldom remained in the ball-room more than a few minutes at a time. In truth, in a place like this, when I see so much suffering around me, on the one hand, in the cases of those who come with a trembling hope of prolonging their threatened lives for a few months, I cannot enter, with the requisite spirit, into the amusements devised by fashion or levity, on the other. For instance, a half hour's intercourse with a person like the lady who has just left me,—an invalid in a hopeless stage of consumption, feeling the emptiness of the world's pleasures, and with a mind continually dwelling on things beyond the grave,—quite unfits me for scenes of festivity."

"I believe it is difficult to sympathise with the sick so as to be benefitted by it, unless we have endured similar afflictions ourselves," said Reviere; "I hope you have not been taught to feel by experience."

"I have not been so unfortunate, but a constant attendance of two years on a beloved mother, laboring under an acute disease, was teaching quite as effective, and almost as severe as bodily pain in my own person would have been. And now I never see any one in suffering without thinking of hers, and having the thoughts and feelings awakened, on which she constantly dwelt."

Her voice trembled as she spoke, and Reviere to change the subject, remarked, "I am glad to hear that your long walk to-day has not much fatigued you;—I hope you will be tempted to venture on another."

"Pray don't suppose that I so little appreciate the bold scenery of your rocky hills as not to have ventured among them before. Scarcely a day has passed since my arrival here that I have not partly spent in exploring it. There is something so novel to me in many of its features, so unlike what I have been accustomed to, that I enjoy it exceedingly."

"Then I hope you will allow me to be officious enough to offer my services as guide in some of your rambles. You will find me one almost as infallible as Leatherstocking. Will you trust me?"

She accepted his offer in language of easy politeness, and with an air of dignified indifference, not exactly what might have been expected of the humble companion. They continued their conversation until Miss Chilton noticed that some of the elderly ladies were retiring from the ball room, and when she bade him good night and withdrew from the window, he felt he did not understand how, but very much as if he was smitten.

Reviere eagerly availed himself of her permission to become her escort, and proposed a walk the very next morning. Their hour of going was too early for the company of any of their fellow idlers, and he rejoiced in the prospect of having her society entirely to himself. The matronly colored woman, however, who was Miss Chilton's constant attendant, followed as usual. And their ramble was repeated the next day, and the next. The beauty of his fair companion, striking as he had found it on his first examination, grew upon his admiration, and in proportion he was fascinated by the powers and graces of her mind. He had never known a woman so thoroughly well-informed, yet her acquisitions were communicated without pedantry or design. Her judgment was both acute and sound; her taste was elevated as well as pure; and in her feelings and principles there was a tenderness, a strength, and a nobleness, which filled him with reverence as of something holy. He felt that he was losing his heart, and yielded it up devotedly. The lookers-on wondered, and some of them sneered, that the proud and sensitive Reviere should have become so deeply enthralled, and that by merely a "poor relation," but had he known it, he would have sneered and wondered at the whole world in return. Some of the gentlemen, indeed, now for the first time attracted to notice her, were impressed by her remarkable beauty, but their admiration could avail them nothing now.

"It can hardly be possible that he will marry her," was the conclusion of the ladies generally; "every body thinks that Hazelhaugh will succeed with Miss Chilton, and Vincent Reviere is certainly entitled to a match equally good."

Thus passed a fortnight, to Reviere the most delightful of his existence, when on their return from their daily stroll one evening, Miss Chilton remarked, as if casually, but with some tremor of voice, that she and her cousin had made arrangements for their departure next day.

To lose her so soon! Reviere unconsciously stopped motionless for an instant, and she must have possessed little of women's tact had she not interpreted his perturbation. He felt that now was the time to secure or to break his magical dream for ever, and with all the eloquence he was master of, he made her an offer of his hand. He did not ask, at that moment, a decisive answer, he could not expect that she would be satisfied with so partial an acquaintance with his character and circumstances. His fortune, though not indeed worthy of one of such refined taste, such generous impulses, was such as was called a respectable independence by those among whom he moved, and he would introduce to any friend whom she might entrust with inquiries, persons who had known him from his boyhood.

She received his proposals with the dignified composure that had marked her deportment throughout, and returned,—"You have been precipitate, Mr. Reviere. In giving me an opportunity to examine into your character and standing, you indirectly recommend a caution, which you have yourself neglected to practice. It must, however, be received as a compliment, and a sincere one. Perhaps," she added, with a faint smile, "your addresses ought to be received without questioning, by one like myself,—uncourted and neglected as you have always seen me, and I do appreciate their disinterestedness, but I cannot, without reflection, determine whether my feelings are such as would warrant me to make the inquiries you suggest. To-night I shall be prepared to answer."

"Let it be favorably, I entreat you. You do not conceive, I know from your manner you do not, Miss Chilton, how deeply my happiness will depend upon your answer. When and where shall I expect it?"

"I shall be present at the ball to-night. My cousin insists that I shall accompany her, and I may there have an opportunity to give you my decision."

An hour or two after found Miss Chilton at the toilette preparing for the ball, with the fair widow presiding over her operations, and the waiting-woman spreading out on the bed a magnificent evening dress, which she was regarding with all the admiration of [illegible] her race.

"You shall, you must wear it, dear Juliet, if only to gratify me;—I am resolved upon it," said Mrs. Chilton, coaxingly, and taking up the dress.

"I suppose I must, then, if you are resolved," replied her cousin; "it would be a pity to let you break your determination."

"There, now, you will look something like yourself! Bring me the box at the bottom of that trunk, Drusilla."

The servant handed out an ebony box, beautifully carved, and as she did so, displayed a collection of jewels, which a princess might have coveted. Miss Chilton took up a set of pearls.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Chilton, snatching them from her; "nothing but diamonds ought to accompany that superb dress! Here, Drusilla, clasp these bracelets for her,—now the necklace. What a pity that these exquisite ear-pendants can't go along! but you are the oddest girl,—the only one I know, I believe, who has never had her ears prepared for ornaments. I suppose you value yours as too finely made to be disfigured with punctures."

"Not that exactly; but, as I have told you twenty times, I regard a metal or a mineral pendant, hanging from the flesh, as a remnant of barbarism too unnatural to be practised in our day."

"Just like you; but hold down your head till I arrange this bandeau."

"No, Caroline, I believe I won't wear it to-night."

"Why not?"

"Because you have worn it yourself, and it attracted so much attention that it would be recognized."

"The very reason why I wish you to put it on; it will help my plot admirably. Here, now, hold down, like a good girl."

"I should very much like to know what that plot is."

"All in good time, dear. How lovely you do look!" said the widow, affectionately kissing her cheek. "You may go down, Drusilla. How the simpletons will stare when you make your appearance! I wonder what Mr. Reviere will think of you, Juliet!"

"That I have grown very fine all at once, no doubt."

"Is that all, coz?" and Mrs. Chilton looked in her face with an arch but keen expression of her black eyes. "How well he would suit you! he is so refined, so elegant, so intellectual, so conscientious! Has he popped the question, yet, Juliet?"

Miss Chilton laughed. "And what if he has?"

"A wedding, of course, I presume;" said the widow, looking more serious.

"That has not been concluded upon yet, dear Caroline. I promised him an answer to-night."

"And to-night, I suppose I shall be expected to put my Lothario, Mr. Hazelhaugh, out of suspense. I believe I don't care much about the case, so, if the matter should end here, it would not disturb me in the least, yet I can't help feeling a little nervous. He would suit me pretty well, though, don't you think so? He is good looking, animated, with ambition, energy and sense enough. I understand that smile, cousin Juliet! but indeed I am not in love,—I am only looking at the proprieties of the thing. I know he is not what you would look for, that he would please you no more than Mr. Reviere, with his sensibility and sentimentality, would suit me. But I'll go down and walk about a little in the fresh air, before it is time to go into the dancing room."

"But you are not fully dressed yet, are you? let me assist you."

"I don't intend to wear anything more. This plain book-muslin, without ornaments, is more appropriate for me than all the frippery I have been figuring in; yet I believe I will put some of those wild flowers of yours in my hair. There, how does that look?" and the now half thoughtful Mrs. Chilton left Juliet to her meditations, and went down into one of the parlors, in the window of which she had seen some ladies a few minutes before. They had gone, and as if destiny willed it, the only occupant of the room she found to be Hazelhaugh. He advanced to meet her with some trepidation.

"I have just heard that you intend leaving us to-morrow," said he.

"So Miss Chilton and I propose;" she returned, preparing herself for what was to follow.

"You will now let me remind you of my claim?—of your promise to decide upon my proposals against you should be ready for your departure."

"I acknowledge it, and you shall hear the result, but not just now. I am half sorry I ever had any thing to say to you," she added, laughingly; "I don't believe you are one to be trusted; that you would cleave to a woman through evil as well as good report, through prosperity as through adversity."

Hazelhaugh returned a hundred protestations, but as they were the same as are usual upon such occasions, it is unnecessary to repeat them.

"Well, as I promised you a serious answer, I suppose I am in duty bound to give it; so, when I am tired of dancing, to-night, you shall have it."

But Mrs. Chilton could not long be left to a tête-a-tête. She was observed through the windows, and her self-constituted courtiers came gathering in. Her change of dress was immediately noticed, and it was thought, on all sides, that simplicity of style suited the contour of her face and figure remarkably—it made her look so classic;—and the threadbare quotation, "Beauty when unadorned, adorned the most," was bandied about often enough to be quite worn out.

The time at length came for entering the ball-room and Mrs. Chilton went up for Juliet. She calculated well the effect that would be produced by the appearance of her cousin. All the eyes in the room were turned towards them when they entered, but instead of following herself, as usual, they remained fixed upon her cousin. She remarked it, and seemed to enjoy it to the utmost.

"Who is that with Miss Chilton?" was one question that reached her.

"Is that—*can* that be the cousin?" was another and the querist drew near for a surer view.

"Is it possible that all those glittering ornaments are diamonds? I wonder if they are Mrs. Chilton's?" said a young lady.

"The dress can't be Mrs. Chilton's at all events,—it fits too well," returned another.

Reviere approached with his face so full of surprise and devoted admiration, that Mrs. Chilton, presuming that he would wish to give utterance to them, considerately took the arm of Hazelhaugh, who had followed him, and walked another way.

"Who is that queenly-looking girl that entered with you, Mrs. Chilton?" asked a gentleman newly arrived.

"My cousin, Miss Chilton, sir; she does, indeed, look what queens 'ought to be, not as they are;' I would rather have the beauty of Juliet Chilton, than that of any queen who has lived since Cleopatra?"

"Mrs. Chilton, will you do me the favor to introduce me to your cousin?" solicited a young exquisite, particularly remarked for neglecting every lady who did not bear the stamp of fashion and fortune.

"Miss Chilton declines any introduction to-night," answered the widow, with unusual hauteur.

"She can't be an humble companion, after all;—I wonder what she can be?" said an elderly lady, looking hard through her spectacles.

"It seems very strange!" returned a neighbor dowager. "I do believe the flounce on that splendid dress is pure Brussels lace! I never, indeed, saw thread lace so wide, but from the way it sets, it can't be anything else. When I have a chance to get near her, I'll look." An opportunity to gratify their curiosity was soon afforded them, for in a few minutes Reviere led Miss Chilton in front of them for a galopade.

"This is the first time I have consented to dance for several years, and you must not ask me again," said she to her partner. She looked as if she had consented through sheer lightness of heart.

"Your dress is turned up a little, my dear," said one of the matrons behind her, with much suavity; "come here, and I will arrange it,—now it is straight;" and as Juliet returned to her place, she added to her neighbor,—"I was right; it is real thread lace. It must have cost an enormous sum. I shouldn't wonder if she was a fortune after all."

But after a while the company became more occupied with their own concerns. Mrs. Chilton having announced that it was her last evening, was persecuted with attentions, at least so her manner of receiving them implied. She was much less complaisant than formerly, and seemed to remark, with a triumphant satisfaction, that her cousin, with her magnificent dress and "transcendant beauty," as it was pronounced, was the wonder of the room; and she even appeared to take pleasure in placing herself, with her plain attire, near her, as if for a foil. At length the hour came which they had set for retiring, and she gave notice of it to Juliet, who, absorbed in the eloquence of her lover, was in happy forgetfulness.

Instantly a host assembled round the widow, regretting, in the most approved fashion, that they were to part with her so soon; the young people inquiring if they should meet her the next year, and where, and the old ones pressing their invitations upon her if she should ever visit their neighborhoods.

She replied courteously to each, and then said, as loud and clearly as possible, not to appear to be making a speech, "I owe you all a thousand thanks, ladies and gentlemen, for your unwearied attentions since I arrived an entire stranger among you. Should you ever visit the sunny south, I promise you, each and all, a hospitable welcome at the residence of my cousin Miss Chilton, Lothian Place, Alabama. I am confident, dear Juliet, that you will be kind enough, as you always have been, to receive *my friends* as your own, and I invite them in your name."

Miss Chilton gave her a graceful assurance, and, attended by her amazed suitor, left the room. When they had gained the piazza, and were beyond observation, he took the hand, which rested on his arm in silence.

"You are waiting for your answer," said she, looking frankly and confidingly in his face; "it is unqualifiedly—yes. I ask no further proofs of your character than I have already received, and am proud that I have a fortune to offer you in return for your generous disinterestedness. I rejoice in the mistake which has proven to me an attachment that I can feel for myself alone. But we shall be observed. Good night! we go at six in the morning,—I do not say be ready to see us off."

Very different were the feelings of the couple that followed them. Hazelhaugh firmly, but with somewhat less ardor than he, perhaps, was aware of, alluded again to his proposals, and requested an answer.

Mrs. Chilton drew her hand from his arm, and returned seriously, "You consider yourself bound as a man of honor, Mr. Hazelhaugh, to allow your proposals to stand, but as a woman possessed of proper self-respect, and of principles as honorable as your own, I could not for a moment consider them as being you bold. They were made to one not in her own character, but in that of a woman of fortune, one which was thrown upon me by accident, and which I supported, partly for amusement, and partly to test the prevailing folly of a blind devotion to the rich and the great.

"My cousin is really, as you have just heard, the owner of the luxurious estate which were presumed to be mine, and when we discovered the supposition in my favor, she insisted that it should not be rectified, as it would secure her from the sycophancy of which she had long been wearied. I gratified her positively,—in no one instance did I ever use an expression to confirm it; but I could not take leave of this without seeing her, if only for one night, receive the notice to which any lady of her personal, mental and moral qualities is entitled, but which one only of her fortune can attract, nor, I confess, without an effort to mortify those who treated her with such unwarrantable neglect. Though she was not aware of my purpose, her presence assisted me in its execution. For myself, I am a dependant on her kindness, and though not a relation by blood, I have received from her all the generosity that could have been shown by a sister. Again, I free you totally from your proposals. The next time don't act from conjectures, nor judge from appearances. Good-bye!"

She attempted to laugh, but the hand she had held out to him trembled as she drew it away, and he saw, or fancied he saw, that there was a tear in her eye. He felt at the moment that his feelings were more deeply concerned than he had believed, and he would have detained her, but she hastily turned away and disappeared up the stairs.

The next morning, on coming down to their early breakfast, the ladies found Reviere waiting for them, prepared also for a departure, and he begged to be allowed to attend them to the nearest city, and as much further as might be agreeable to them. Mrs. Chilton looked somewhat pensive, and occasionally threw an anxious glance around when any of the different doors were opened; and her thoughtfulness deepened after they had set off, which Juliet accounted for by the circumstance that Hazelhaugh had hurriedly approached down the piazza as they were driving off, and stood kissing his hand and looking after them as far as they could see him.

After spending a month or two longer in the northern and middle states, they returned in safety to their beautiful southern home, where preparations were to be immediately commenced for the marriage of Juliet and Reviere.

Among the letters waiting for them, there was one for Mrs. Chilton, postmarked at the Springs, and a merry laugh from her, while she was reading it, attracted the attention of Juliet.

"What have you there?" she asked.

"A letter from Hazelhaugh,—no, you shan't read it. Half of it would be only nonsense to a third person, but I'll tell you the purport. He confesses frankly that he was first attracted by my reported fortune, but protests that I wronged him by supposing it was for that alone he sought my hand. He says that I did not give him time for an explanation; that, indeed, he was hardly prepared to request it, as he did not fully understand his own feelings, until reflecting upon my spirit, moral courage and so forth, revealed them to him. That I am the only woman he has ever met with who could make him happy, and so forth. But you have had plenty of love letters of your own, find out the rest by them! Such things are all pretty much alike."

"But will you have him, dear Caroline?"

"What right have you to his secrets before he knows them himself? However, as you are the only person I look up to at all, I will compliment you by asking your consent. May I take him, cousin Juliet?"

"My inclination says no, but as there might be danger of your running off with somebody else, I submit to prudence, and pronounce a reluctant affirmative."

"Thank you, my discreet guardian; and merely add an invitation, and I'll write to him, as he begs me, and let him come on with Reviere."

FROM THE LADY'S BOOK FOR JANUARY.

A DISCONTENTED MIND TO THE NIGHT.

BY MISS JOANNA BAILLIE.*

How thick the clouds of Night are ranged o'er head!
Confusing darkness o'er the earth is spread—
The clouded moon her cheering count'nance hides,
And feeble stars between the ragged sides
Of broken clouds, with unavailing ray,
Look through to mock the traveller on his way.
Tree, bush and ragged rock, and hollow dell,
In deeper shade their forms but dimly tell,
To cheat the weary wanderer's doubtful eye,
While chilly, fitful winds come ruffling by;
And tangled briars perplex the darkened pass;
And slimy reptiles glimmer on the grass;
And stinging night-flies spend their quickened spite—
Inhospitable are thy shades, Oh Night!
Now hard suspicion bars the creaking door,
And safe within the selfish worldlings snore;
And wealthy fools are warm in downy bed;
And houseless beggars shelter in the shed;
And nestling coveys cower beneath the brake,
While prowling mischief only is awake.
Each hole and den sends forth its cursed brood,
And hungry, savage creatures range the wood.
The thievish vagrant plies his thriftless trade,
Beneath the friendly shelter of the shade;
While bolder risk the lawless robber braves:
The day for fools was made, and night for knaves.
Now welcome unveil'd moon! thy light display,
And guide a weary traveller on his way.
Hill, wood and vale are bright'ning in her beam,
And wavy silver glitters on the stream;
The distant pathway shows distinct and clear,
From far inviting, though perplexed when near;
For blacker shadows gain deceitful length,
And smaller objects strange, unwonted strength,
Each step misguiding, to the eye unknown
A shining gutter from a glistening stone.
Its wayward shadows lie across the ground,
The more perplexing for the brightness round.
Deceitful are thy smiles, untoward Night!
Thy gloom is better than deceitful light.
Then welcome is yon cloud that onward sails,
And all this glaring show in darkness veils.
Yet see how soon the fleeting shade is past,
And streamy brightness shoots across the waste.
Shadows again are born upon the wind;
Succeeding brightness travels fast behind.
And how it low'rs. Unkind, inconstant Night!
Fie on thy tricks! be either dark or light!
Yet take thy will, whate'er thy changes be,
I was a fool to put my trust in thee.

* "I have copied out one of my poems for the 'Lady's Book,' which you will find enclosed. It is one of different 'Addresses to the Night,' from moods of different moods; and I believe I have picked out the best for you."—*Extract from the letter of Miss Baillie to the Editor.*

The Humorist.

☞ The state of the market at Alexandria, La., is thus described by the Red River Whig: "Venison continues deer meat, though mutton is sheep. Rabbits do not vary a hare from the former range. Fish hardly keep up to the line, baiting those that are hooked. Oysters still go down, though it is hoped, as the weather is cool, some will come up, unless the holders in New Orleans are shellfish. Ducks (on a credit) require good bills; and wild geese go off promptly. Water has fallen very much in the last week; umbrellas were constantly up, and the river has a 'downward tendency.' Puns are at a discount, from the enormous quantity of bad ones in the market; some are thought to be second hand."

☞ "Of all vices," said one joker to another yesterday, "I consider gambling the very worst. Gambling is not in the nature of man, it is not inherent—it is an acquired *sin*. Man only gambles—dogs, cows, horses, *they never* gamble." "Yes they do," retorted the other. "Dont they, according to the poet,
'—— *gambol on the plain.*'"

☞ In a Court report in the Boston Post, it is stated that since the Bankrupt law went into operation, many affecting incidents have transpired—such as the wives of husbands who were too poor to pay one cent on a dollar being obliged, to give up their gold watches to their grasping creditors, and even surrender up their silver forks.

☞ Two gentlemen of different political views, travelling in a railway car the other day, entered into conversation. After talking awhile on the news of the day, "Sir," said one of them, "what are your political principles? Are you a Coon?" "No, sir," replied the other, with much gravity, "I am a Clam sucker!"

☞ One of the Boston constables has had a new professional card printed, on which is the following lamentation. "How long shall the land mourn, and the herbs of every field wither, for the wickedness of those that dwell therein."

☞ The Troy (Ohio) Times says that a man was fined ten dollars by the court in that place, for kissing a married lady; and adds, "it may be well to state for the sake of girls that there is not any law against kissing them."

☞ Some bulls are touching. We cannot smile at the remark of the poor Irishman, who, when stretched upon a hospital cot, said, "I think I'd get better but for the thought of having nowhere to die."

☞ A famous musician who had made his fortune by marriage, being requested to sing in company, "permit me," said he, "to imitate the nightingale, who never sings after he makes his nest."

☞ A Western editor wants to know whether the laws recently enacted against carrying concealed weapons, apply to doctors who carry their pills in their pockets.

☞ "Sir Robert Peel thinks a great deal of himself," says a London paper. A cotemporary replies that "he is just the man to trouble himself about *trifles*."

☞ An exchange paper says it is very foolish for two young ladies to hate each other, on account of a gentleman who don't care a fig for either of them.

☞ Firewood is so scarce in some parts of the Middle States, that a man with a wooded leg is afraid to venture out after dark, for fear of being robbed.

☞ They catch quails with nets in Iowa. A party of four gentlemen recently bagged one hundred in the vicinity of Burlington in a few hours.

☞ Bishop Mar Yohanna says, "he no wonder we have so many *dumb* people in America, cause our language so hard nobody can learn it."

☞ Postpone nothing that you can do as well at the present, as at any future time.

☞ Envy is like a sore eye, inflamed by every thing brilliant or dazzling.

☞ A lady who had refused to give, after hearing a charity sermon, had her pocket picked as she was leaving the church. On making the discovery, she said, "If the Lord could not find the way into my pocket, it seems that Old Nick could!"

☞ "I am afraid," said a lady to her husband, "you are going to have a stiff neck." "Not at all improbable, my dear," he replied, "I have seen strong symptoms of it ever since I have known you."

☞ There [illegible] equipage [illegible] in splendor of dress and [illegible] compared to the [illegible] of their incomes, are [illegible] which destroys the [illegible] fire, which shine, by that [illegible]

☞ "There's a [illegible] to the love-sick young [illegible] that shapes our ends," [illegible] his sorrows by plunging [illegible] observed when he [illegible] the river.

☞ "When taken to be wed [illegible] said when he advertised for a return," as the [illegible] apprentice.

Lever's New Novel.

OUR MESS.

Jack Hinton, the Guardsman.

CHAPTER LVI.

ST. DENIS.

We were both suddenly awakened from a sound sleep in the *calèche*, by the loud cracking of the postillion's whip, the sounds of street noises, and the increased rattle of the wheels over the unequal pavement. We started up just as, turning round in his saddle, and pointing with his long whip to either side of him, the fellow called out—

"Paris, messieurs, Paris! This is Faubourg St. Denis;—there before you lies the Rue St. Denis. *Sacristi*, the streets are as crowded as at noonday."

By this time we had rubbed the sleep from our eyelids and looked about us, and truly the scene before us was one to excite all our astonishment. The Quartier St. Denis was then in the occupation of the Austrian troops, who were not only billeted in the houses, but bivouaced in the open streets—their horses picquetted in long files along the *pavé*, the men asleep around their watchfires, or burnishing arms and accoutrements beside them. The white-clad cuirassier from the Danube, the active and sinewy Hungarian, the tall and swarthy Croat, were all there, mixed up among groups of peasant girls coming in to market with fowls and eggs. Carts of forage and waggons full of all manner of provisions were surrounded by groups of soldiers and country people, trading amicably together, as though the circumstances which had brought them together were among the ordinary events of commerce.

Treading our way slowly through these, we came upon the Jäger encampment, their dark green uniform and brown carbines giving that air of *sombre* to their appearance, so striking after the steel-clad cuirassier, and the bright helmets of the dragoons. Farther on, around a fountain, were a body of dismounted dragoons, their tall calpacks and scarlet trowsers bespeaking them Polish lancers—their small but beautifully-formed white horses pawed the ground, and splashed the water round them, till the dust and foam rose high above them. But the strangest of all were the tall, gigantic figures, who, stretched alongside of their horses, slept in the very middle of the wide street. Lifting their heads lazily for a moment, they would gaze on us as we passed, and then lie down again to sleep. Their red beards hung in masses far down upon their breasts, and their loose trowsers of a reddish dye but half concealed boots of undressed skin. Their tall lances were piled around them; but these were not wanting to prove that the fierce-looking figures before us were the Cossacks of the Don, thus come for many a hundred mile to avenge the slaughter of Borodino and the burning of Moscow. As we penetrated farther into the city, the mixture of nation and costume became still more remarkable. The erect and soldier-like figure of the Prussian—the loose, wild-eyed Tartar—the brown-clad Russian, with russet beard and curved sabre—the stalwart Highlander, with nodding plume and waving tartan—the Bashkir, with naked scimitar—the gorgeous hussar of Hungary—the tall and manly form of the English guardsman—passed and re-passed before us, adding, by the babel of discordant sound, to the wild confusion of the scene.

It was a strange sight to see the savage soldier from the steppes of Russia—the dark-eyed, heavy-browed Gallician—the yellow-haired Saxon—the rude native of the Caucasus—who had thus given themselves a "rendezvous" in the very heart of European civilization, wandering about—now stopping to admire some magnificent palace, now gazing with greedy wonder at the rich display of some jeweller, or the costly and splendid dresses which were exhibited in the shop windows; while here and there were gathered groups of men whose looks of undisguised hate and malignity were bent unceasingly upon the moving mass—their "*bourgeois*" dress could not conceal that they were the old soldiers of the empire—the men of Wagram, of Austerlitz, of Jena, and of Wilna—who now witnessed within their own capital the awful retribution of their own triumphant aggressions.

As the morning advanced the crowds increased, and as we approached the "Place Carousel" regiments poured in from every street to the morning parade. Among these, the Russian *garde*—the *Bonnets d'or*—were conspicuous for the splendor of their costume and the soldier-like precision of their movements; the clash of their brass cymbals, and the wild strains of their martial music, adding indescribably to their singular appearance. As the infantry drew up in line, we stopped to regard them, when, from the place Louis Quinze, the clear notes of a military band rang out a quick step, and the twenty-eighth British marched in to the air of "The Young May Moon." O'Grady's excitement could endure no longer. He jumped up in the *calèche*, and, waving his hat above his head, gave a cheer that rang through the long corridor beneath the Louvre. The Irish regiment caught up the cry, and a yell as wild as ever rose above the din of battle shook the air. A Cossack picquet then cantering up, suddenly halted, and, leaning down upon their horses' manes, seemed to listen: and then dashing spurs into their flanks, made the circuit of the place at full gallop, while their "Hurra!" burst forth with all the wild vehemence of their savage nature.

"We shall get into some precious scrape with all this," said O'Grady, as, overcome with laughing, he fell back into the *calèche*.

Such was my opinion; so, telling the postilion to turn short into the next street, we hurried away unperceived, and drove, with all the speed we could muster, for the Rue St. Honoré. The Hotel de la Paix fortunately had room for us; and, ordering our breakfast, we adjourned to dress, each resolving to make the most of his few hours at Paris.

I had just reached the breakfast-room, and was conning over the morning papers, when O'Grady entered, in full uniform, his face radiant with pleasure, and the same easy, jaunty swagger in his walk as on the first day I met him.

"When do you expect to have your audience, Phil?" said I.

"I have had it, my boy. It's all over, finished, completed. Never was any thing so successful. I talked over the old adjutant in such a strain, that, instead of dreaming about a court martial on us, the worthy man is seriously bent on our obtaining compensation for the loss of the drag. He looked somewhat serious when I entered; but when once I made him laugh, the game was my own. I wish you saw him wiping his clear old eyes as I described the covey of gensdarmes taking the air. However, the main point is—the regiment is to be moved up to Paris, the commissaire is to receive a reprimand, our claim for some ten thousand francs is to be considered, and I am to dine with the adjutant to-day, and tell the story after dinner."

"Do you know, Phil, I have a theory, that an Irishman never begins to prosper but just at the moment that any one else would surely be ruined."

"Don't make a theory of it, Jack, for it may turn out unlucky. But the practice is pretty much what you represent it. Fortune never treats people so well as when they don't care a fig about her. She's exactly like a lady patroness—confoundedly impertinent, if you'll bear it; but all smiles if you won't. Have you ever met Tom Burke—'Burke of ours,' so they called him, I believe, in half the regiments in the service?"

"No; never."

"Well, the loss is yours. Tom's a fine fellow in his way; and if you could get him to tell you his story—or rather one of his stories, for his life is a succession of them—perhaps you would find that this same theory of yours has some foundation. We'll pick him up one of these days, and I'll introduce you. But now, Jack, I have a piece of news for you. What do you think of it, my lad?—Lady Charlotte Hinton's at Paris."

"My mother's here! Is it possible?"

"Yes. Her ladyship resides No. 4, Place Vendomme, the Hotel de Londres. There's accuracy for you."

"And who is with her? My father?"

"No. The general is expected in a few days. Lady Julia, I believe, is her only companion."

There was a kind of reserve suddenly in his manner as he mentioned this name, which made us both pause for a few seconds.

At length O'Grady broke the awkwardness of the silence by saying, in his usual laughing way—

"I contrived to pick up all the gossip of Paris in half an hour. The town is full of English—and such English too!—the Cossacks are civilized people, of quiet, retiring habits, compared to them. I verily believe the French are more frightened by our conviviality than ever they were by the bayonets of the allies. I'm dying to hear your lady mother's account of every thing here."

"What say you, then, if you come along with me? I'm becoming very impatient to see my people once more. Julia will, I'm certain, be very amusing."

"Ah! and I have a debt of gratitude in that quarter," said O'Grady, hesitatingly. "Lady Julia was so very kind as to extend her protection to that old villain, Corny. I cannot for the life of me understand how she endured him."

"As to that," said I, "Julia has a taste for character; and not even the Chevalier Delany's eccentricity would pain her. So let's forward."

"Did I tell you that De Vere is here?" said O'Grady.

"No; not with my friend, I trust?"

"On the contrary, I ascertained that he does not visit at Lady Charlotte's. He is attached to Lord Cathcart's embassy; he's very little in society, and rarely to be seen but at the salon, where he plays tremendously high, loses every night, but re-appears each day with a replenished pocket. But I intend to know the secret of all this, and many other matters, ere long. So now let us proceed."

The Olio.

THE HOME VALENTINE.

Still fond and true, though wedded long,
The bard, at eve retired,
Sat musing o'er the annual song
His home's dear Muse inspired:
And as he traced her virtues now
With all Love's vernal glow,
A gray hair from his bended brow,
Like faded leaf from Autumn bough,
Fell to the page below.

He paused, and with a mournful mien
The sad memento raised,
And long upon its silvery sheen
In pensive silence gazed;
And if a sigh escaped him then,
It were not strange to say,
For Fancy's favorites are but men,
And who e'er felt the stoic when
First conscious of decay?

Just then a soft cheek pressed his own
With Beauty's fondest tear,
And sweet words breathed in sweeter tone
Thus murmured in his ear:
"Ah! sigh not, love, to mark the trace
Of Time's unsparing wand;
It was not manhood's outward grace,
The charm of faultless form and face,
That won my heart and hand.

"Lo! dearest, mid these matron locks,
Twin-fated with thine own,
A dawn of silvery lustre mocks
The midnight they have known:
Time to blighted cheek and tress
[illegible] all his snows impart;
No [illegible] thou feel in my caress
[illegible] waning tenderness,
[illegible] of the heart!"

"Forgive [illegible] the gentlest Beatrice!"
As nearer and bard replied,
He pressed [illegible] tender kiss
"Forgive the [illegible] his side;
To manhood's [illegible] every tear
I should have felt, [illegible] prime;
Our hearts indeed have [illegible] been near,
From all the frosts [illegible] fear
[illegible]"
—*Knickerbocker.*

A DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION.

Five years ago, Mr. ——, who keeps [illegible] shot of our office, found his health failing. For several days he shut himself up in the house, using such means as were recommended by his friends, but all to no purpose; it was not, however, until after much persuasion by his anxious friends that a medical adviser was called in. His case was stated. The doctor did not seem to be very hasty in making up his mind, but promised to send him something which would no doubt cure him.

Hour after hour elapsed, and no messenger arrived. In fact, there had been but one rap at the front door during the afternoon, and that by an awkward boy who was reprimanded for bringing a wood saw, horse and axe, to the front door, and directed to take them round to the gate. The doctor was again sent for.

"Well," says the doctor, "how does the medicine work?"

"The medicine, dear sir? I have seen none."

"Ah, I see you don't know how to take it."

"But, sir, there is some mistake. I have received no medicine whatever."

"Didn't a boy bring you a *saw* and *accompaniments*?"

"There was, doctor, something of the kind brought to the door, but if that is your prescription, how under the sun can a sick man take such indigestible articles? Don't understand, doctor."

"Well, then, I will tell you," said the doctor, and in a low voice slowly proceeded: "To-morrow morning, about ten o'clock, put on your surtout, go into the wood-house, place a stick of wood on the horse, and ply the saw, so slowly as you please, for an hour. Then go to your room, and without removing your outer garment, sit by the fire until your respiration subsides. Follow this daily, and you will be your own man again."

The prescription was strictly followed. It was a hard job at first, but every day the medicine was taken with a better relish. Strength and the powers of digestion returned. The medicine has been continued up to the present day, and, although the gentleman is engaged in an extensive business, which requires much attention, he has sawed and split more than a dozen cords of wood the present winter.

It has been suggested that if, to the nostrums of the day, *saw-dust pills* be added, to be taken in the wood-shed, and digested over the wood-fire in the house, they would produce more wonderful cures than any pills now extant.—*Ports. Journal.*

Destiny.—"Oh, how strange and complicated is the web of God's will! How the smallest, the most pitiful, the most empty of things, by his great and wise volition, act their part in mighty changes! How a look, a tone, a sound, a pebble in our path, a grain of dust in our eyes, a headache, a fit of gloom, a caprice, a desire, may not only change the whole current of one man's existence, but affect the being of states and empires, and alter human destinies to the end of time! The present state of France, one whole mass of facts, circumstances, incidents, accidents, and events, which are there going on, may be all owing to a lady, whom I knew well, having splashed her stocking fifty years ago. 'As how, in the name of Heaven?' demands the reader. Thus! She was going out of her house with a relation in the town of Doual, when, carelessly putting her foot on a stone, she splashed her stocking. She went back to change it; the delay occupied a quarter of an hour. When she went on again, she met, at the corner of the Place, a man, since too famous in history, then scarcely known as any thing but a clever fop. His name was Francis Maximilian Robespierre. Instead of going on, he turned with her and her relation, and walked up and down the Place with them for half-an-hour. In one of the houses hard by, a debating-society was in the act of canvassing some political question. As they passed to and fro, Robespierre listened at the door from time to time, and at length, pronouncing the debators to be all fools together, he rushed in to set them right. From that moment, he entered vehemently into all the fiery discussions which preceded the revolution, in which he had never taken part before, and grasped at power, which opened the doors of the cage, and let out the tiger in his heart. Thus, had the lady not splashed her stocking, she would not have met the future tyrant; he would have pursued his way, and would not have turned back to the Place; he would never have heard the debate that first called him into action, for he was going to quit Doual the next day; and who can say how that one fact, in the infinite number of its combinations with other things, might have affected the whole social world at present?"—*James.*

Chinese Intelligence Extraordinary.—We have received through the hands of Mr. Punch, of London, the following extraordinary intelligence from the Celestial Empire. There is another rupture in China, but it is said that the power of Poo Loo will be resorted to for cementing it. It is rumored that an attempt will be made to rivet the different fractions into which the service of China is now divided, but this we think, is impossible. The great Khan wants a handle, and until this is found there can be no reasonable hope of adjustment. Our Indian letters put us in possession of Indian ink to the twenty-second and our news consequently, of the same dark complexion as before. Our Seville correspondent sends us oranges to the latest moment at which our express was made up, but we are very sorry to say that we find considerable asperity in every quarter. Our letters from Egypt have not arrived; but, on inquiry at the Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly, we ascertained that affairs in that quarter were going on as smoothly as the best friends of the land of the pyramids had any reason to anticipate.

Ideas of Honor.—The Rev. Mr. Phelan, a Catholic priest of Montreal, where he officiated for the last sixteen years, in reply to an address from the members of his congregation, incidentally says:—"My dearest brethren, if it were permitted to frail erring man to indulge in such emotions, I would feel prouder of having established the Temperance Society, which now embraces among its members nearly the whole of my late flock, than if I were the founder of an imperial dynasty."

A Valuable Boy.—"What can you do?" asked a traveller of a country urchin, whom he saw in front of a farmer's house, tickling a toad with a long straw—"Oh, I can do mor'n a considerable: I rides the turkeys to water, milks the geese, cards down the old rooster, puts the pigs' tails in papers to make 'em curl, ham-strings the grass-hoppers, keeps tally for dad and mam when they scold at a mark, and cuts the buttons off dad's coat when he's at prayers in the mornin."

An article on the "Literature of the Negro," in the Magnolia, states it as a significant fact, which has been strangely overlooked, that the three words Ham, Shem, and Japhet, mean in the original Hebrew, black, red, and white.

The Inauguration of Napoleon in the old world, as First Consul of France, and the funeral of Washington in the new world, both occurred on the 18th of December, 1790.

Married, in Boonsville, Tenn., on the 29th ult., Mr. E. H. Tarr, to Miss Jane Feathers. This is the latest case of tarring and feathering that we have heard of.

Juvenile Department

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of nineteen letters.
My 1, 7, 5, is a cape of the United States.
My 2, 8, 12, 13, 5, 1, 5, is a river in South America.
My 3, 7, 8, 5, 1, 15, is a division of Africa.
My 4, 11, 13, is an island in the Irish Sea.
My 5, 6, 10, 6, is a river in Europe.
My 6, 9, 13, is a river in Russia.
My 7, 15, 11, 13, 18, 3, is a bay on the coast of Africa.
My 8, 5, 3, 19, is a town in New York.
My 9, 13, 11, 8, 19, is a lake in Russia.
My 10, 9, 15, 13, 19, is a capital in Europe.
My 11, 18, 11, 6, is a town in Austria.
My 12, 13, 6, 12, 11, 13, 11, is one of the U. States.
My 13, 7, 2, 13, is a cape of Africa.
My 14, 8, 8, 13, 9, 5, is an island in the Pacific.
My 15, 2, 4, 9, is a town in Italy.
My 16, 19, 12, 11, 1, 16, 8, is an island in the Gulf of California.
My 17, 9, 11, 6, is a sea in Asia.
My 18, 9, 8, 15, 10, 16, 11, is one of the U. States.
My 19, 10, 15, 2, is a river in Spain.
My whole was the name of a distinguished Naval Officer. An answer is requested.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS [illegible] now acknowledged to be [illegible] for the cure of [illegible] Giddiness, Palpitation of the Heart, [illegible] Rheumatism, and [illegible] they prove [illegible] which give rise [illegible]

Said Indian Vegetable Pills [illegible] remittent, remittent, nervous [illegible] FEVERS [illegible] Because they cleanse the body [illegible] which, when confined to the [illegible] those disordered motions of the [illegible]

So, also when the same [illegible] bowels and muscles, causing [illegible] tism, called Rheumatism, Gout, INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS may be [illegible] give relief. From three to six [illegible] taken every night on going to bed, [illegible] completely rid the body from every [illegible] health, that RHEUMATISM [illegible] Gout, and pain of every description [illegible] from the body.

For the same reason, when, from [illegible] atmosphere, or any other cause, the [illegible] and the humors which should pass [illegible] inwardly, causing headache, giddiness [illegible] pain in the bones, watery and inflamed [illegible] SORE THROAT [illegible] coughs, consumptions, rheumatic pains of the body, and many other symptoms [illegible] WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS [illegible] give immediate relief. From three to [illegible] every night on going to bed, will in [illegible] remove all the above unpleasant [illegible] body will, in a short time, be restored to [illegible] before.

In all cases of ASTHMA, Or difficulty of breathing, Wright's Indian Pills will be found a delightful medicine, [illegible] by the stomach and bowels, those [illegible] not only stop up the air cells of the [illegible] the above dreadful complaint, but [illegible] minates in that fatal malady, called CONSUMPTION.

It should also be remembered, that [illegible] table Pills are a certain cure for PAIN IN THE SIDE, Oppression, nausea and sickness, [illegible] ness, a yellow tinge of the skin and [illegible] symptom of a torpid or diseased state [illegible] because they purge from the body those impurities [illegible] upon this important organ, are the cause of LIVER COMPLAINT.

As a further evidence that the principle [illegible] cleansing and purifying the body, is [illegible] with the laws which govern the [illegible] properly carried out by the use of WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE [illegible] certainly result in the complete [illegible] the following testimonials, [illegible] highest respectability in New York, [illegible] been of the most obstinate [illegible] use of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills [illegible] can College of Health.

JAMAICA, L. I. [illegible]

Doctor William Wright—Dear Sir—[illegible] fection I inform you of my having been [illegible] Dyspepsia, of five years standing, by [illegible] INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

Previous to meeting with your celebrated [illegible] been under the hands of several physicians [illegible] various medicines, but all to no effect [illegible] cent box of your pills, however, [illegible] fit, that I resolved to persevere in the use [illegible] to directions, which I am happy to state [illegible] perfect cure. In gratitude to you for the benefit [illegible] received, and also in the hope that others [illegible] may be induced to make trial of your [illegible] cine, and I send you this statement with [illegible] lish the same if you think proper.

New York, June 19, 1841. C. [illegible]

To Mr. Richard Dennis, Agent for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, No. 288 Greenwich street, N. Y.

Dear Sir—At your recommendation, I [illegible] made trial of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills of the American College of Health; and can conscientiously [illegible] that for purifying the blood, and renovating the [illegible] have received more benefit from their use than from any other medicine it has heretofore been my good fortune to meet with. I am, dear sir, with many thanks, your obliged friend. CHAS. M. TATE, No. 90 Hammersly street, New York.

Mr. Richard Dennis, agent for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

Dear Sir—I have been afflicted for several years with inward weakness and general debility, accompanied at times with pains in the side and other distressing complaints. After having tried various medicines without effect, I was persuaded by a friend to make trial of Dr. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, which I am happy to state have relieved me in a most wonderful manner. I have used the medicine as yet but a short time, and have no doubt by a perseverance in the use of the medicine according to directions, that I shall in a short time be perfectly restored.

I most willingly recommend said Pills to all persons similarly afflicted; and in the full belief that the same beneficial results will follow their use, I remain yours sincerely, HENRY A. FOOTE, Warwarsing, Ulster county, New York.

New York, Sept. 29, 1841.

This is to certify that I have used Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills with the greatest benefit; having entirely cured myself of the frequent attacks of Sick Headache, to which I had previously been subject. ANN MARIA THOMPSON, 286 Greenwich street, N. Y.

To Mr. Richard Dennis, Agent for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

BEWARE OF TRAVELLING IMPOSTORS.

As the great popularity of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills has raised up a host of counterfeiters, the public will be on their guard against the various impostors who are travelling about the country, selling, to the unsuspecting store keeper, a spurious article for the genuine. Country agents and store-keepers should remember that all who travel with the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are provided with a certificate of agency, signed by William Wright, Vice Pres. of the N. A. Coll. of Health; consequently, travellers who offer Indian Pills for sale, and cannot show a certificate as above described, will be known as base impostors.

The public are respectfully informed that Pills made by one V. O. Falck, and sold by himself, and a young man named David Parker, son of Samuel Parker, of Philadelphia, are not the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, and moreover as the above men sell at a reduced price, it is absolutely impossible for them to have the genuine medicine for sale.

The only security against imposition, is to purchase from persons of known integrity, and in all cases to be particular to see the certificate of agency for the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

The genuine medicine can with certainty be obtained from Isaac F. Cook, No. 361 Baltimore street, Baltimore and also at the offices devoted exclusively to the sale of the Medicine, Wholesale and Retail, No. 169 Race street, Philadelphia; No. 288 Greenwich street, New York; and No. 198 Tremont street, Boston.

N. B.—Beware of travelling impostors. oct 4 1m

PRACTICAL ECONOMY IN ACCORDANCE with the general reduction of prices in almost every article, the subscriber will sell at about one half the former prices. Superfine Wool dyed Black and Fancy Colored Cloths and Cassimeres, New Style French Merino and Cashmere Vestings, Plain and Figured Beaver Over-Coats, Cloth Cloaks, Roquelaures, an entire new article combining the convenience of cloak and coat, well calculated for professional gentlemen, Pantaloons and Vests of every description, Double and Single Breasted, Lambs Wool Shirts and Drawers, Merino, Buckskin and Flannel do. Linen and Cotton dress Shirts, Bosom Belts, Money Belts and Shoulder Braces, Army and Navy Clothing with diagrams and plates of the late regulations, all of which will be made cut and finished in a superior style of workmanship, and warranted to fit. Terms CASH. GEORGE W. FARR, Corner of Third and Chesnut. nov 19

LEATHER STORE, No. 67 CHESNUT St. The subscribers have constantly on hand a general assortment of FINISHED LEATHER, suitable for Boot and Shoe Makers, Coach and Harness Makers, Saddlers, Book Binders, Hatters, &c. ALSO—Sole Leather, red and oak tanned. nov 12 1y CHAMBERS & HENDRY.

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☞ Dickson's Improved Rotary Card Press has been added to the office, (the only one in the city) is now in operation. Cards and Ledger sheet Jobs can therefore be executed at the rate of FROM TWO TO THREE THOUSAND IMPRESSIONS AN HOUR! printed in a style far superior to any other work of the kind in this city, and at lower prices to the quality. Orders for printing from any part of the United States promptly executed.

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Books sent directed to J. L. Gihon to the care of G. R. Graham & Co. will be promptly attended to. Prices moderate. TERMS CASH. july 16 tf

IMPORTANT TO THE DEAF.—We commend to the particular attention of those desirous of having their hearing restored, "Scarpa's Oil for Deafness." We hear it highly spoken of by those who have used it, and who, of course, know its value.—*Daily Chronicle.*

Country merchants and druggists, who are in want of Scarpa's Compound Acoustic Oil, a medicine that is a certain cure for Deafness and Diseases of the Ear, can obtain the preparation by sending their orders to their friends in this city, or to Dr. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, or S. B. Gumpert, No. 100 North Second street, Philadelphia, who have the medicine at wholesale or retail. Price $1.00 per dozen, or $1 for a single bottle. Terms cash. Letters must be post paid.